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VOLUME LXI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1893. NUMBER 30.

Poetry.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn
And thought with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen of mouths to be fed;
The meals to get for the men in the field,
The children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained that night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed wearily, as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and, coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down
Kissed her cheek: "'Twas that you were the best
And dearest woman in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She's not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was forgot, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, we know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed!"
—Building Association Record.

THE QUIET HOME.

Oh, mothers, worn and weary,
With cares which never cease,
With never time for pleasure,
With days that have no peace,
With little hands to hinder
And feeble steps to guard,
With tasks that lie unfinished,
Deem not your lot too hard.

I know a house where childish things
Are hidden out of sight;
Where never sound of little feet
Is heard from morn till night;
No tiny hands that fast undo,
That pull things all awry,
No baby hurts to pity
As the quiet day goes by.

The house is all in order
And free from tiresome noise,
No moments of confusion,
No scattered broken toys;
And the children's little garments
Are never soiled or torn,
But are laid away forever
Just as they last were worn.

And she, the sad-eyed mother,
What would she give to-day
To feel your cares and burdens,
To walk your weary way!
Ah, happiest on all this earth,
Could she again but see
The rooms all strewn with playthings,
And the children 'round her knee!
—Alma Pendexter Hayden.

MABEL'S SECRET.

(Told by Her Lover.)

There was a rose, a wee pink rose,
Amid the amber light,
The pet of all the garden close
It blossomed in the night.
But ere the dawn had come to peep,
And ere its bloom was shed—
Alas, for all the elves a-weep!—
That wee pink rose had fled.

Where is that wee pink rose,
Dear heart,
Where is that wee pink rose?
Away with doubt
The secret's out:
On Mabel's mouth it blows.

There were two stars of wondrous glee
That twinkled far above;
They danced with laughter on the sea,
And lit the world with love.
But once upon a summer night—
So runs the tale of sore—
They vanished from the angel's sight,
And charmed the skies no more.

Where are those stars of glee,
Dear heart,
Where are those stars of glee
They fled the skies
For Mabel's eyes,
And shine alone for me.
—Samuel Minturn Peck.

Miscellany.

BETSY ROSS'S HOUSE STANDS

Under Washington's Supervision She Made the First Flag.

The old house in which Betsy Ross made the first American flag still stands at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, and the room in which the flag was made remains practically the same as when it was Betsy's sewing-room. The bricks of which the house is constructed came across the sea

HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA IN WHICH THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG WAS MADE.

as ballast in the hold of the ship Welcome. William Penn did not think it unworthy of himself to supervise its construction, and it was considered a pretentious dwelling in its time. The two windows of the second story, with their twenty small panes of glass in each of them, are the same ones which were originally put in. The ground floor has been somewhat changed in the front, as the present owner, Mrs. Amelia Mund, has her tobacco counter there and the usual show window has replaced the ones of former days.

But the little room in the rear and the upper rooms are unchanged. The little room has a floor of heavy oak boards, nailed down with handmade nails. The two small-paned windows on the right have broad sills, which have often been the resting place of the thimble of Betsy Ross. At the rear end of the room is a wide and high mantelpiece, perfectly preserved, its blue tile border being as bright as it ever was. The doors are hung on curious rectangular hinges. The flag was made under the supervision of General Washington and Robert Morris. Under a resolution of Congress Betsy Ross received £14 12s. 2d. for flags made for the fleet in the Delaware river. Afterward the contract to make all the government flags was awarded her.

Poor Little Thing.

"Why do you look so sad, my love?" said Mr. Younghusband.

"I was thinking of a poor little beggar child that came here this morning," replied Mrs. Y. "Just think, Charles; the poor child was only 8 years old, and her father was killed at Bull Run and her mother died of sorrow within a year afterward."—Truth.

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN.

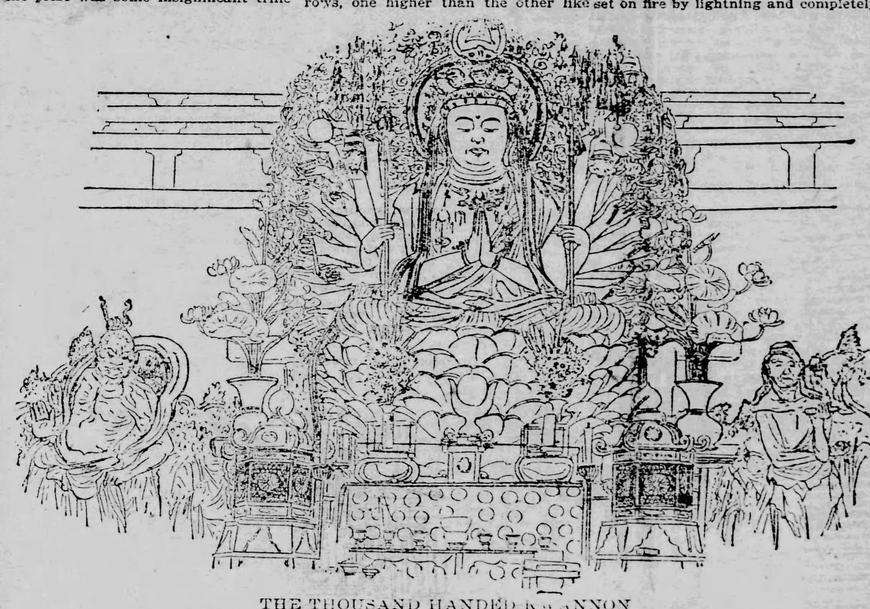
WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE BLADE, BY

ROBINSON LOCKE.

NO. XXIII.

Hoping to see the thousands of lanterns in the temple quarter of the city all lighted, we started out one night only to find that there was to be no general illumination, although some of the narrow thoroughfares had their lanterns lighted, making a fairy like scene as the rikishas dashed hither and thither, and the bare-headed, quaintly costumed men and women stamped clatteringly along on their wooden clogs. On the way back to the hotel the rikisha men managed to find a street that was so attractive as to compel us to get out and walk. It was not a very wide street, say fifteen feet, but it was brilliantly lighted, and from about every other house there floated long, wide streamers covered with Japanese characters in staring black. Lanterns of every shape, round, square, oblong, flat, long, short, thin and wide, covered with red, green, blue, white, yellow and striped paper, dangled from every projecting beam and gently swayed to and fro in the soft night breeze. Overhead the sky was studded with stars, and the moon sailed serenely along through light clouds that only veiled and did not conceal her silvery brilliancy.

Of course the street was crowded with people, all more or less on pleasure bent. There were any number of optical illusion stalls, similar to the one at Tokio's Asakusa; there were cheap theaters galore, jugglers' shows innumerable; refreshment booths, always surrounded by a motley throng of bare-headed urchins who greedily invested their half coppers in dyspepsia breeding sweetmeats; there were bazaars where clogs were sold, others given up to the hair ornaments; to pipes and pouches; to fancy writing paper; to books, old and new; to gaudily colored pictures of famous actors; to soaps and perfumes; to bamboo boxes; to fans, cheap and ugly; in short to a hundred different trinkets and gewgaws, the wares all being exposed in the front of the shops opening directly on the street, while behind them were the men and women of the places huddling over the large brass or earthen, or in some cases wooden hand stoves, warming



THE THOUSAND HANDED KWANNON

The central figure of the 33,333 goddesses in the great temple of San-ju-san gen-do, Kioto.

their hands and smoking their tiny pipes.

The one place that attracted the most attention and had the largest crowd, however, was an L shaped arcade that was full of fakirs,wheels of fortune and other devices for worming a penny from the simple people who are always on the alert to get something for nothing. A number of these devices were the familiar long, wooden needle on a pivot. By paying a sen, the needle could be whirled around, and the article on which it stopped would become the property of the whirler. As each article, save one—which was placed so that the needle could not possibly stop over it—could be bought at a dozen or more a sen, the fakir had a soft snap, as long as people would patronize him.

Another popular grab game, usually presided over by old and not very good-looking women, might be designated as the four ball game. A large house on a hill, with ravines and bridges (all built of cardboard and painted to accurately represent what was intended) had a roadway of two wires placed side by side leading down an incline across the moat, where it disappeared under the drawbridge, to reappear at the top of the highest tower. Then it wound in and out of windows down stairs and around the corner, finally ending at the front entrance on a large board divided into squares, each square numbered.

You paid a sen and were handed four small wooden balls which being placed on the way of wires rolled down and appeared in an instant at the top of the tower, all four running smoothly along the tortuous way formed by the wires till they came tumbling out on the hollowed squares at the bottom. The fakir pretended to note what number each ball rested upon and to give you some article, bearing a similar number, but it was noticed that nine times out of ten it did not matter where the balls landed the prize was some insignificant trifle —like a bamboo root cigarette-holder —costing a sen a dozen—not worth carrying away. Some of the prizes were cookies, cheap earthenware images and all sorts of like trash. But the Japs invested their sens over and over again and seemed to have solid fun in watching the meanderings of the four little wooden balls.

The little joker of the whole aggregation, however, was the young fellow with the rubber ball. He had tae a stairway of ten steps, each row containing 109 goddesses. Each goddess has 11 goddesses on her head, more on her halo and still others in the 20 hands each one has, so that all together in this great shed, 389 feet long by 57 feet wide, there are 33,333 images of the Goddess of Mercy. Kioto ought to have an easy time of it according to their idea of divine protection.

Of course there is a legend connected with this temple. A temple in Japan without a fairy story attachment don't amount to much. This particular story says that an ex-mikado named Go-Shiraskawa, being troubled with a headache (probably, though it is not so stated in the legend, caused by an over indulgence in the insidious saki) made a pilgrimage to a famous temple, and prayed for relief, instead of obtaining which he was directed by the gods having charge of that particular temple, to go to the capital and consult a famous Indian physician who was located at one of the temples there. He heeded this advice, but instead of seeking the Indian he engaged in prayer till midnight, "when a monk of noble mein appeared and informed him that in a previous state of existence His Majesty had been a pious monk of Kumano, who for his merits had been promoted to the rank of Mikado in this present existence; but that his former skull was lying in the bottom of a river still undissolved, and that out of it grew a willow tree which shook whenever the wind blew, thereby causing His Majesty's head to ache. On awakening from this vision, the ex-mikado sent to look for this skull, and having found it had it enclosed in the head of the principal Kwannon in this temple."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that we were not shown the skull in question, though the Kwannon was there all right.

Very near to this aggregation of gilt goddesses is a wooden Daibutsu, much larger than the famous one at Kamakura, but entirely lacking its sublime grandeur of expression. This Kioto Buddha is 58 feet high, with a face 30 feet long by 21 feet wide. It consists of head and shoulders only,, and though once coated with lacquer in imitation of bronze, it is now a very dilapidated looking specimen of a god, having nothing but its size to recommend it. On the spot where it stands there was, once upon a time, way back in 1588, an enormous temple 200 feet high, containing a wooden image 160 feet high, both of them being destroyed by an earthquake in 1596. A few years later a great bronze image in imitation of the one at Kamakura, was commenced, and when it was nearly finished the scaffolding caught fire, and the image was destroyed. In 1614 another image was placed in position in the same spot, only to be destroyed by an earthquake in 1662, and was replaced in 1667 by a wooden one 58 1-2 feet high, which was destroyed by lightning in 1775, restored the following year and set on fire by lightning and completely destroyed in 1778,making quite a series of disasters leading up to the construction in 1801 of the present Buddha by a citizen of Osaka, who probably took this means of squaring himself with Buddha for the sins of his fellow men.

To the Daibutsu grounds stands one of the two largest bells in Japan, a bronze monster fourteen feet high, nine inches thick, nine feet in diameter and weighing over 63 tons. Near it is a huge beam suspended by ropes from the roof of the bell tower. On payment of one sen anyone desiring to propitiate Buddha has the privilege of banging the bell three times with the big battering ram. Our party gave it three times three tremendous whacks which fairly made the old bell boom.

Between this bell and the Daibutsu was a gaudy Shinto shrine, the chief object of interest of which was the large number of big radishes, tied with paper bows, placed on wooden platters before the image. Imagine for a moment, please, a Shinto deity stooping to a diet of paper covered radishes.

An ear mound is pointed out just across the street from the Daibutsu temple. It is surmounted by a granite monument somewhat like a garden lantern, and is said to contain the ears and noses of Koreans slain in battle by Kioto warriors who took part in the wars of 1592-1597 against Korea.

But to get back to temples. Some distance from the spacious grounds of the 33,333 Goddesses Temple is another called Chion-in, founded in 1211, though the present building, an enormous structure 167 feet long by 138 feet deep and 94 1-2 feet high, dates only from 1630. The exterior is not very elaborately ornamented, though the interior, especially the chancel, is gorgeous with gold pillars, and gilt metal statuses standing in bronze vases in front of the principal shrine.

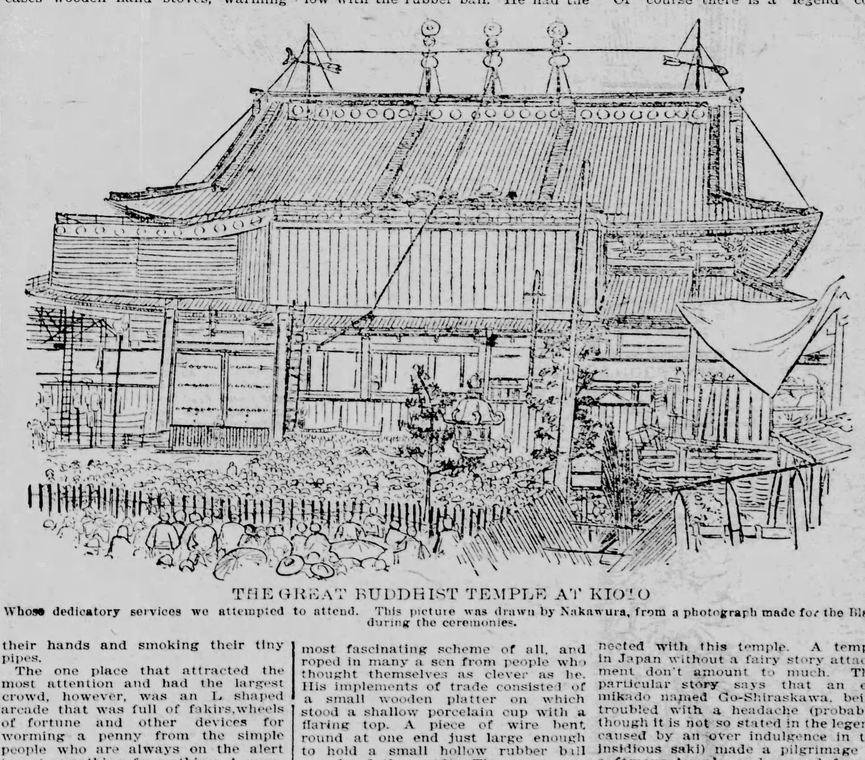
There was some sort of service going on at the time of our visit and a weird, superstition-breeding sort of a service it was. In front of the shrine, but near the chancel rail, was the high priest, dressed in robes of black and wearing a peaked high green hat. On his left were two lesser priests and in front of them another who seemed to be second in rank after the green hatted individual. They were all seated on their heels on the smooth mats that covered the floor. In front of each was a low table bearing a box containing the law. The high priest's table also had a small, but very beautiful bronze incense burner. They were all beating a small metal gong in quick time with short rapid strokes of a small metal tipped hammer. This formed a stridient accompaniment to a peculiar chant, pitched in a low key and almost inaudible above the rythmic beating of these hard sounding gongs, that were piercing and rasping in tone. When this had gone on for about five minutes the second priest thumped a big bronze gong, a huge hollow affair that looked like a great kettle, whereupon the high priest solemnly placed some incense in the burner and then began a solo chant, responses being made at intervals by the other priests, the hammering of the small gongs ceasing. Then they all began tapping small wooden drums, making a not unpleasant accompaniment to the chant, while the high priest went through a number of bowings and prostrations and ended by rising and walking to the shrine, taking something off the small table in front of it, and disappearing around one side of it. Two of the other priests soon followed leaving one sitting on the floor pounding the wooden drum and at intervals offering a prayer or two. The whole ceremony was full of mysticism, which one could easily see, would appeal very strongly to a nature inclined to object worship.

Back of this main temple are two magnificent altars decked out with gilt images, and beyond is a palace built by Iemitsu, which is in an excellent state of preservation. It is a large, rambling one-story edifice, the partitions of the rooms being sliding panel screens, all magnificently decorated by the best artists of the ancient schools. Most of the paintings are well preserved, and show a great deal of ability, though not quite enough to enable one to swallow all the stories told about them. As, for instance, in one room where an artist named Nobumasa painted a swallow so naturally that it flew through the screen. Although the guide, with great impressiveness, points out the hole in the screen as he tells this fairy story, you are more inclined to say "Rats" than to swallow the swallow. Again, on the veranda, he points out to you a pine tree painted so true to nature that it exudes resin, all of which you may or may not believe, but to my certain knowledge it did not exude resin or anything else during our stay there.

The guide seemed much hurt at our evident disbelief, though a few sen quickly soothed his wounded feelings and made him bow to the ground as we entered our rikishas and dashed off down the pine-lined avenue that led to the busy streets so full of life and animation.

With this issue of The Blade "Days and Nights in Old Japan" closes, and this seems a fitting occasion to say a few words about the story of our trip to the Far East. It has not been written with the idea of presenting new and startling facts about this quaint country and its people. That has been done time and again. I have tried to present these self same facts, however, to the readers of The Blade in a clear and pleasing manner. Whether this has been successfully done or not is for the readers to decide. We saw a great deal and visited a great many places, mention of which, for lack of space, has not been made in this series. I still have manuscript and notes enough for another series of letters, and if the members of The Blade family want them, and will say so, I shall be very glad to put them in shape and publish them next fall or winter. I am very grateful for the many kind letters that have already been sent me, and fully appreciate the friendly sentiments regarding our very pleasant "Days and Nights in Old Japan."

[THE END.]



THE GREAT BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT KIOTO

Whose dedicatory services we attempted to attend. This picture was drawn by Nakawura, from a photograph made for the Blade during the ceremonies.

THE BIG BELL AT KIOTO,

Showing the large beam with which it is struck. The bell tower is a fine specimen of Japanese architecture.

STROLLING STREET SINGERS,

Heard and seen everywhere in Kioto during the dedication of the big temple.

TOO MUCH FINE WEATHER.

Sunshine and Drouth in England Almost Ruined All Crops.

"It is so unusual for this country to suffer from too much sunshine that no one who has not travelled about and seen the crops can realize the harm done by the 'glorious weather.' One may travel for twenty miles in some parts of the south of England without seeing a single good crop of any kind, unless it be potatoes, and they, the growers say, have come to a standstill. It is feared that, when rain falls plentifully enough to soak into the land, the stunted and prematurely-ripened tubers will sprout, and produce new ones. It is pitiful to see the miserably dwarfed crops of barley and oats. Barley looks as if the ears could "never get out of their stockings," and oats are beginning to send small heads out of the stems only a foot or eighteen inches high. The wheats are not quite as bad, but they are generally very light, and it is difficult to find a crop in which every row cannot be clearly distinguished when driving past the field. The ears, too, are small, as a rule—short, like the straw. In a limited sense, it may be said that harvest has already begun, rye having been cut and shocked in a few places. A fair plant of mangolds is a rarity, and swedes which have come up have been attacked by the fly generally, re-sowing being in many cases necessary. Peas looked well until recently, but now show signs of dying off prematurely, and beans are nearly a failure. Some miserable little crops of hay are to be seen here and there; but most of the meadows have not produced anything worth cutting, and, feed being extremely short, stock have been turned into them. The chance of a fair second growth of grass or clover is now a very poor one. As has been previously pointed out, prospects in the north of England, in parts of the Midlands, in Scotland, and even in Ireland, are much better than those just referred to; but everywhere an abundant rainfall is now badly wanted, and even if it comes speedily, the hay crop, where it is best, must be deficient.

"In Kent, the outlook for a general fruit crop is most disappointing, excellent as it was earlier in the season. There is a fair show for apples generally, and a good one in many places, pears also being pretty thick on the trees. Gooseberries and red currants, again, are abundant, as are cherries also, and plums in some plantations, although a failure in others. But the damson trees present a sorry appearance, being completely blighted by swarms of insects, while black currants are very short, and strawberries are failing for want of rain. There is a good show of raspberries; but growers say that showers are essential to the proper development of the fruit, and that the crop is infested with maggots. Cob nuts, which are fairly thick, are beginning to drop off in consequence of the drouth. One large fruit grower expects to lose £3,000 this year, and many small growers declare that there is no chance of profit. In the market gardens Brussels sprouts and brocoli, recently planted out are perishing for lack of rain. As for hops, they are suffering from the worst attack of the 'fly' ever known as early in the season as the first of June. As a rule, dry and sunny weather checks the vermin, but this year in spite of repeated washings, the vine cannot be kept clean."

ABOUT CHICAGO.

"You don't mean to say that you like Chicago?" "I do." "Goodness gracious! Where do you live?" "Chicago."—Life.

The sultan of Johore reads the newspapers. He very wisely locked his jewels in a London safety deposit vault before embarking for Chicago.—Minneapolis Tribune.

When the infanta smoked two cigarettes and rode twelve miles on an engine in the Pennsylvania mountains she was in training for Chicago.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When the 400 of New York and the 400 of Chicago get to discussing etiquette it is time for prudent people to climb a telegraph pole or dive into a sewer.—Louisville Journal.

All that Chicago needs to make her superlatively happy as a summer resort is the discovery of a red headed sea-serpent with green eyes and long whiskers gliding along the shore of Lake Michigan. —Cincinnati Tribune.

Upon one thing the World's Fair city can justly pride itself. Next to its modesty its most conspicuous trait is its magnanimity. There is no other pork-packing town in the world, probably, that would extend a cordial welcome to a vegetarian convention.—Detroit Free Press.

The Chicago motto: Clara—"How much does your dancing master charge for a lesson, dear?" Maude—"I don't remember in dollars and cents, but papa says the bill amounts to a dressed hog a week." "How horribly high!" "Rather, but its grace before meat with papa every time." —Texas Siftings.

First Train Robber—"Well, what did you git?" Second T. R.—"Lemme see. Twenty-seven pawn tickets, a half peck of picture cards, 60 cents in silver and a plated watch chain with a ball tied to the pocket end of it. That's all." First T. R. —I told you it wasn't no use to hold up a train comin' from Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR.'" "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

BLATHFORD.

"Stop!" said I.

"Wo!" cried the driver.

The old horse, clanking in its harness like a chain topsail sheet in a squall, halted, and I mounted upon my sea chest in the cart to take a view of the scene.

The month was early August, the year 1850. The afternoon was beautiful and rich with a sky full of low-floating clouds, which as they soared gave their white breasts to the kisses of the distant hilltops. On one side ran a mile or two of level meadows, painted with red and brindled cows and white sheep. Afar glanced a dusty road, snaking past masses of trees to the summit of a green hill. I caught sight of the olive and purple light of the river, and the distant fields were studded with hay stacks like giant toadstools. A soft air blew over the country; to my salt-hardened nostrils the sweets it brought seemed to combine into one marvelous perfume of raspberry.

Do you want to know how refreshing and fair beyond all prospects of meadow, hill, and valley which this great world has to offer is an English landscape viewed on an August afternoon, when the land is piebald with blue shadows of clouds,and when the wind in the trees cool the hot buzz of the bluebottle with a quiet seething as of expiring foam. Come to it after three years and some months of coarse sea-faring

"Go on!" said I to the carter.

"Jee oop!" cried the man, fetching the stern of his horse a friendly thump with a truncheon. Again the old brass-bound, chain-laden harness rattled; the wheels creaked. I emptied my pipe and sat me upon my sea chest. We had but a short distance to go. I stared with devouring eyes. We rumbled down a lane, and then into a kind of village street. Well knew I the house that slighted the neighborhood by giving its blank back to the public highway and its face of fragrant windows and pleasant porch to its own green, sweet-smelling grounds behind the wall; also the dirty little cottage with two leering windows and a paralyzed door, and the dirtier little cottage beside it remarkable only for not having been the birthplace of a poet; also the stone dog's head spouting a stream of crystal water into a trough, and the white-faced inn with a faded portrait of Lord Nelson hanging over a blackbird's wicker cage, which shook with loud melody as I passed. I seemed likewise to remember the yellow cur that eyed us from the door of the Nelson inn; I recollected its manner of wagging everything about its hinder parts but its stump of tail. The mob of hens opposite the little cottage faced by three yews trimmed into a likeness of immense teetotums were also familiar, particularly the large black rooster which lay in the dust with one leg forked out under one wing.

We rounded the corner, and I saw the church on my right, the white tombstones in its shadow, and the red flag of the English merchant service floating from the short mast on the top of the tower. Here was a beautiful lane with a fine avenue of trees which carried the eye to the thickly wooded hillside a mile beyond. The cart rumbled me a little way past the church, and then the driver stopped at a gate. A tall hedge went on either hand that gate, and behind the hedge and through the trees you caught with difficulty a glimpse of an old-fashioned house with a red roof and burnished windows darkly shining among creepers.

Scarcely had I jumped out of the cart when the gate was opened, and in a moment my father was straining me to his heart. A few moments later my mother was holding me with both hands, kissing me, and exclaiming in her delight, and stepping backward to look at me, only to give me another hug.

My father was the Rev. Joseph Morgan; this parish was Blathford, and he was vicar of it. His church stood nearly opposite his house; St. John's it was called. He had lived 20 years in the place. His face was beautiful with benevolence; he was now about 60 years of age, very gray, his smile slow and sweet, his figure tall and wonderfully erect. His living was a beggarly yield, and he was a poor man, the poorer by reason of his having to maintain a married daughter by his first wife, who had died in giving birth to the child. And that is one reason why I went to sea.

The carter shouldered my sea chest, and with my mother's hand in mine I followed my father to the house. We entered the dining room, and as we entered a girl standing in the window turned her face to us.

"Kate, dear," said my mother, taking me up to her, "this is my son Charles, fresh from sea. Think, Kate! we have not seen him, as you know, for three years and three months."

She then introduced me to the girl, Miss Kate Darnley I had met her father once; he was a parson, and lived at Bristol; he was very poor I recollect, but got along with the help of a trifling annuity topped by an occasional call to preach a sermon, or to take duty, as it is termed, for which he received a guinea or two. Kate was in mourning; the melancholy, depressing attire told me I need not ask what had become of her father. We shook hands, and I looked her in the face and admired her. She was dark, with a great plenty of black hair, a soft blushing complexion, and large sparkling black eyes. My mother went out to see after my chest.

"I told Wilkinson to hoist the ensign," said my father; "it is the only parish welcome I can offer."

The table was laid for a late dinner, an alarming departure in the habits of my primitive parents.

"This is worth going to sea to enjoy, Miss Darnley," said I, looking round the pleasant little room. How familiar the low ceiling, the high mantelpiece, the great picture of my paternal grandfather (dressed in a red coat, and leaning with one hand upon a cannon) hanging over the ancient, dark sideboard, which had come sliding into Blathford vicarage through five generations of my mother's people.

"Call her Kate," said my father.

But here my mother stepped in to carry me upstairs, where more hugging happened, and though we talked swiftly, our conversation ran us into half an hour.

"Charlie, you have grown."

"I have broadened just one inch, but I have not risen by the dark of a finger nail. It is nearly all stooping with us sailors; it curves our spines, and so we're called shellbacks. Kate Darnley's a pretty girl, rather."

"Poor Kate! She is very much to be pitied. Her father died and left her with only a few pounds. She was forced to go out as a governess, but she found so much difficulty in obtaining a situation that she had serious thoughts of becoming a domestic servant. Only think of Kate, who is really a charming, refined lady, as a housemaid."

"Where does she live?"

"About thirty miles away. The family gave her a holiday, and we invited her here for a few days. She stays till next Monday. How battered your sea chest is."

"That's through cutting plug tobacco upon it."

"Do you want any money, dear?"

"I have plenty."

"Plenty; well, come!"

I pulled a leather bag full of sovereigns and notes out of my pocket, and plumped the treasure down upon the dressing table.

"There's above three years' pay there," said I, "less slop chest and other deductions."

"It's hardly earned money, my poor boy," said she, taking my face in her hands and kissing me again. "How often have I prayed for you on stormy nights."

"And perhaps we, at the same time, were praying in the speech of sailors for a little of the wind that was making you uneasy. How is old Perkins? Is little fat Miss Smithers married yet? How is the congregation getting on? Does the plate come back heavier after its Sabbath round? No more buttons, I hope, and sixpences taken out as change for three-penny bits."

"It's a struggle," said my mother. And so we talked.

I stood abreast of a sheet of looking-glass in a wardrobe, and got a good view of myself. This is seldom Jack's privilege. He shaves in an inch or two of cracked mirror and knows not what figure he cuts till he steps ashore. I was a great lump of a man for my three and twenty years, and fat—no, there is nothing in the harness cask to run the body with blubber. I was a large shape of tough muscle from neck to heel, and when I flung my weight on a halyard or a sheet it was to leave but little mark for the fellows to do than gather in the slack. And yet when my father had put me to sea as a boy of 14 the captain might have drawn me through the neck of his whisky bottle. I was burnt black with the sun; my eyes were a dark blue and my hair a dark brown. I had packed some new clothes in my chest at Bristol, but still wore the things I had come ashore in, and so showed somewhat raggedly, like, indeed, the end of a mighty long voyage; but on my mother's going I smartened myself up. I shaved, and shifted me to the shoes on my feet, and when I joined them in the parlor I was a new man in my fresh linen and shore-going togs.

At the table I did most of the talk. It is a narrow horizon that bounds scarce more than hens and a churchyard and a village pump, yet life goes but little beyond such things in the old parish of Blathford. I spoke of the ports I visited, described icebergs and gales of wind, the whale spouting its fountain to the moon under the line, and the captured albatross off the Horn with a missive from a shipwrecked company under its wing. My mother could not eat for listening; Kate Darnley's black eyes glowed as they fastened themselves upon me; sometimes my father smiled, and occasionally an expression of incredulity mingled with the sweetness of his look.

"Oh, that I were a man!" cried out Kate, dropping her knife and fork to clasp her white hands on a level with her face.

"Yes, indeed!" said my mother. "A young man."

"Would you be a sailor?" I asked.

"Not I. Oh, no, Mr. Morgan, I would travel and see the world and settle in the best part of it, which certainly is not England," answered the girl.

"How long are you ashore for, Charles?" asked my father.

"Haven't you heard the news?" said I.

"What?" cried my mother eagerly.

"Old John Rack's dead and his five ships are sold. His sons realized everything, down to the oldest of the office stools, and have gone abroad to live. The firm's at an end—knocked clean into staves. A pity, for I've been counting all this voyage on old Johnny giving me command next time."

"I had heard that old Mr. Rack was ill," said my father, "but had no idea he was dead. Poor old Mr. Rack! He received us very kindly when we called upon him at Bristol. But existence at Blathford is the life of an oyster. Little or nothing of news drains through the shell of the placid year."

"Well, dear, here is a comfortable home for you," said my mother.

"I shall spend some time with you," said I. "Mean yiles I keeps mine yelder eye lifting, as Yon says. I'll stop till I've passed as master. I deserve command, and mean to get it if I can. And after such a sickening spell of brine as I'm fresh from, a few weeks or even months of the scent of the milkmaid 'll not hurt me."

After dinner I went to my chest and brought down some trifles of curiosities. I gave Kate Darnley a Chinese silver brooch, and I had not guessed how pretty she was till she thanked me for the flimsy fal-lal. It was the first night of my home-coming after a long absence, even as seafaring then went, and my father and mother sat up in celebration till 11 o'clock to "make a night of it," as the dear souls said. My father smoked not, neither did he drink. I did both; so too did my father's curate, who looked in at 8 to ask a question, and was invited to remain that light supper might be spread before him. This curate, as the evening advanced,

looked with animation at Kate Darnley, and the ejaculations and observations which my stories and recollections provoked him into he addressed chiefly to her. But her ears and eyes were mine that evening. My talk put a spirit into her looks which attracted my calm mother's notice.

After everybody was gone to bed and I sat alone smoking my last pipe, I could not help thinking how great a pity it was that so fine a young woman should be alone in the world, obliged to get a living by drudging as a governess, and with no brighter prospect than marriage.

CHAPTER II.

KATE DARNLEY.

In this first week of my being at home I never opened a book nor troubled myself with a professional thought. I had received a hundred and twenty pounds when I left the bark Wanderer at Bristol; the money represented about forty months of service as mate, less certain odds and ends of clothes and advances. I was a sailor, but no sailor's sailor, without taste for the grog shop and the bully-in-the-alley diversions. I hated the Jack of the crimps, the salt and savage pet and despair of the waterside missionary, the hairy ruffian who, in fur cap and half Wellingtons with a hanging face and eyes on fire with over-proof rum, lurches with scowls and drunken yelps through the slums of the dock and shipping districts.

The mere being in the country with miles of meadows and hedges betwixt one and the wash of the breakers, betwixt one and the sickening rattle of the lifting cranes of the quayside, and the loud melancholy pulse of the capstan pawls, was a huge delight of itself. I let the whole spirit of the country sink into me by lounging and roaming about after the manner of the poet Wordsworth, who waited for sentimental ideas wherever he found a stile or a tombstone to sit upon. I'd lay for hours on my back in a field, with my pipe stuck up out of my mouth, and a straw hat rakishly perched on my nose, and not only forget that I was a sailor, but even that I was a man, in watching the clouds slide overhead, in smelling the sweets in the wind, in hearkening to the buzzing, lowing noises of the land. Yes, at such times I was nearer being a daisy than a man, and was certainly much more of a haystack than a sailor.

I gave Kate Darnley a wide berth at the start, conceiving that my father's curate had a leaning that way, and that if I thrust in I might lose her the chance of a husband. But on hearing from my mother that the curate was engaged to be married to a young lady who lived at Manchester, who had been waiting for him already two years, and who, it seems, was willing to go on waiting for the hopeful young man forever, I made up my mind that Kate should have a jolly time of it during the few days she remained at the parsonage. I took her on the river along with a basket filled with champagne and good things, got by sending Farmer Thompson's man in the gig over to a considerable town of shops and streets. Thus we spent one long day. I hired Thompson's gig and drove the girl about the country. She wanted to see the ocean, and we went by rail to a part of the coast that lay some twenty miles from Blathford. Here there would have been ocean enough to look at had the tide made; unhappily the sea kept stubbornly low throughout our visit; we saw no more than a gleam of blue beyond the miles of slimy mud. No marine prospect was ever so little like the ocean. I laughed at the efforts of the town in which we found ourselves to give itself a marine character, by boats which were seldom water borne, by a pier that was seldom water washed. The rocks looked artificial; the boatmen sprawled with the airs of London cabmen disguised in fearnaught breeches. Yet Kate's dark eyes were eager and bright with pleasure as she gazed at the distant streak of blue salt water.

"It is the horizon, at all events," she exclaimed, "and behind it are all the wonders you have told us about."

"They are wonders until they are realized."

"Nothing bears realization," she answered. "Heaven itself should disappoint if we are to judge by what we find out down here." She curled her lip, and her cheeks brightened with red as though to some sudden passion of suppressed thought. After a minute she brought her eyes away from the distant sea line, and asked me if I could give her any information about Australia.

"What sort of information do you want?"

"Tell me the parts you have visited."

"Sydney and Melbourne."

"What's to be done in those cities, Mr. Morgan?"

"If you ask me what a man may do, I answer all that may become him; if he dares do more there's plenty to be done. Labor that gets fifteen shillings a week here gets ten shillings a day there. One of our crew at Sydney went ashore over night, and did not turn up in the morning. The skipper charged the absent seaman's wages with the ten shillings he paid to a laborer off the Circular Quay. If I was a very young man—which I am, by the way—and hated the sea, I'd perpetrate the most harmless of the crimes that are visited by transportation, and get a free passage to the Antipodes and a large start in life on a ticket of leave."

"Would it not be as easy to emigrate?" said she, with a smile which made way quickly for a grave, earnest look.

"I know more about convicts than emigrants," said I. "The convict on his arrival is provided with lodgings, food, and occupation; I can't say what becomes of the emigrant."

"But many people of all sorts are emigrating to America and Australia."

"Of a good many sorts."

"I've heard of people who were as homeless in this country as those clouds are up in the sky there," said she, pointing upward, and following the direction of her finger with her dark eyes, "finding a home and friends in Australia and prospering. Gentility is no restriction in the colonies—is it?"

"No restrictions are placed on the little that's exported," I answered.

"A gentleman, a lady may do in Australia what they would rather die than do here."

"Perhaps so" said I. "The snob long ago saddled the British lion and still rides the beast, trampling on opportunity."

"What chances do the Australian colonies offer young women, Mr. Morgan?"

"Marriage."

"I don't mean that."

"Are you thinking of emigrating?"

"I would rather be a scullery maid behind that blue line there," said she, looking at the narrow sweep of distant water, "than a governess in this country."

I pitied the fine girl, but held my peace.

"Where can one find out all about the Australian colonies?" she asked.

"I'll inquire, and whatever is published I'll send you."

She thanked me.

"Have you any friends or relatives in Australia?"

"None."

"None in England?"

"None in the world. When my father died I was alone." With a sudden smile she added, "I should not have said so much. I have friends in your father and mother. But they are not friends in the sense your question implied."

"Don't think of emigrating without taking all the advice you can get, and without giving the subject plenty of thought."

She bit her lip and clasped her hands behind her, and slightly swayed her body as though advice vexed her. Then with another of her quick smiles she asked me if I could tell her how emigrants are treated at sea, what sort of ships they are dispatched in, the cost of the passage, a person's requirements in respect of clothes and the like, how long the voyage occupied, how many of a company were put into one ship.

I was able to answer some of these questions, and our conversation on this subject ended only when we had entered a railway carriage and were in motion for Blathford.

In some of our rambles, down to the day of her leaving us, she talked again about emigration and the opportunities a new country offered to poor and friendless people, but never afterward was she so much in earnest as when we had stood together looking at the distant streak of sea. However in fulfillment of my promise I wrote to a firm in London, who sent me a book and a letter full of information; these reached me on the day of her leaving us, and she thanked me gratefully and packed them in her box.

I drove her to the station in old Thompson's gig, and was sorry to part with her. She and I had been much together during her few days of holiday. I admired her, liked her manners and looks, and relished her talk, which often tasted to the palate of my mind like a sharp and yet sweet and pleasant wine to one's lips. And then, again, I felt sorry for the poor girl who was going forth into a friendless life, out of the repose and gentle pleasures and simple affections of such a home as she had passed her little holiday in.

Well, I bade her good-by and drove home, and I am bound to say that after she had been gone two or three days she went clean out of my head. Indeed, I had something else to think of. I held a mate's certificate, and not very much more than that spoke to was needed to qualify me for a captain; yet the little involved some study, and to make sure of myself I went two or three times a week down to Bristol to read in navigation and do other nautical work with an old retired sea captain. At the end of two months from the date of my arrival home I presented myself and easily passed. This was in 1850. Certificates of competency were made compulsory in January, 1851.

But passing was not getting employment. For some considerable while nothing better than second mate's post fell in my way. Not till the month of February, which brought me into the year 1851, was I successful in finding a situation, though I had looked about me in the London Docks as well as in Bristol.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FOR GOOD PEOPLE.

Belgium Stamps for Sunday and Wordly People.

A decidedly new departure in postage stamps has just been made by Belgium. This novelty is a Sunday or non-Sunday stamp, with a tag separated from the main part of the stamp by the usual perforations and announcing in two languages, French

THE NEW BELGIAM STAMP.

and Dutch, the fact that the letter bearing it is not to be delivered on Sunday.

The inscription in French reads: "Ne pas livrer le Dimanche," and in Dutch "Niet bestellen op Zondag."

If the persons using these stamps have no religious scruples against their letters being delivered on Sunday all they have to do is to tear off the tag containing the order and place the upper portion of the stamp upon the envelope. These stamps have just been issued, but very few American dealers have yet seen them. A few of the ten centime variety have been received in this city.

It is the intention of the Belgian government to get out a full series of these Sunday stamps. There are nine varieties, of these values: One, two, five, ten, twenty, twenty-five and fifty centimes, and one and two francs. The same design appears on all, but the colors are different. The profile on the stamp is that of King Leopold II.

The Sunday stamp idea, I am told, originated with T. Vandenpeeveboon, minister of Railways and Telegraphs and Posts of Belgium. He is an extremely religious man, and while he can not stop the collection and delivery of mails on Sunday he has adopted this postage stamp scheme hoping to educate the people up to his own ideas.

His Inference.

The Wife—Who is it that says, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most?"

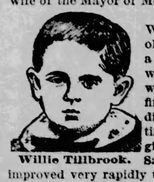
The Husband—I don't know.

The W.—Well, it doesn't matter who was the author; it is true.

The H.—I infer, then, you have made up your mind to wear that new bathing suit of yours when you go bathing.—N. Y. Press.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:



Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now 6 years old, two years ago had a Lunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. He finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving Willie Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with excellent results and he has had no more trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

DEAD LETTER CURIOS

COLLECTION IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE FAIR.

A Whole Romance on a Pine Board—Queer Things Consigned to Uncle Sam's Mail Bags.

Chicago, July 8.—(Special.)—The letter that never came is at the World's Fair. It is numbered 569 and is displayed in one of the big glass cases that contains the museum of curiosities from the dead letter office. It is written in a large copybook hand on a smooth pine board so that he who runs may read. Hundreds do read it every day; some scream over it, some giggle, others look sardonic as if they took a bitter pleasure in finding some one who was a bigger idiot than they had ever been, not a few smile systematically but furtively, with a companion, as if afraid of being caught at it, and some sneer and make contemptuous remarks. But not one is wholly indifferent to it.

This is because it is a love letter; and the fact that it is a love letter is one reason it never reached its destination. Love is not only blind but is also absent-minded. Orlando wrote some delirious verses and nailed them to trees, trusting to luck for them to catch his sweetheart's eye. The modern lover begins his letters with a rhapsody and ends it with a vow. Then he seals it with kisses and forgets to put an address on it.

Here is the letter. It's a good, honest letter and has all the matrimonial

No. 569.

Dear Hattie:—

In consequence of the Board meeting today I have concluded to put this letter aboard the express to let you know the feeling that exists in me, indeed since your absence I have been constantly thinking of you allmost being unable to attend to my regular routine of Business. Now I can not imagine the cause of your protracted silence toward one whom you allways PROFESSED TO LOVE. You have written to Sam also to Minnie and have never so much as mentioned my name. Now was this because you did not think of me, or because you wanted to keep talk down? Now dearest Rip Van Winkle, you know I am sincere because have I not proven this. I hope no better looking face has caught your eye for what is face without "Lucre." I have been trading with your Uncle Sam this last week at the city hall. I naturally wanted to get acquainted with him in anticipation of an early ——

HIRAM alias DICK.

LETTER WRITTEN ON A BOARD.

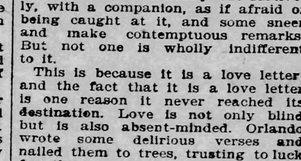
earmarks on it. The writer doesn't brag that he is much to look at, but reminds her that he has the lucre. If these two, who were evidently born for each other, drifted apart, it was because all Uncle Sam's horses and all of his men couldn't find out who Hattie or Dick was or where either of them lived.

I have dwelt upon this because of the universal interest in a love story, even if it is "continued in our next," and we fail to get the next. But without doubt Hattie and Dick have made it all up, or been consoled by others. But what balm is there in

THE PEARLS THAT NEVER CAME.

Gilead for the lady whose false teeth never came?

In this museum of curiosities is a dainty little set of teeth with gold clamps to fasten them and half a dozen other sets that look as ghastly as grinning skulls. By the side of them is a pair of dentists' forceps, a razor and a little dried, brown, mummified human ear. The proximity of the two latter is startlingly suggestive of a rash man who told a barber

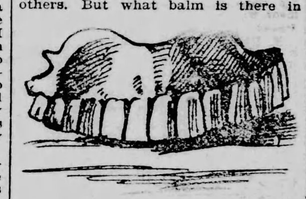


UNPLEASANTLY SUGGESTIVE.

that his conversation was not edifying. The barber had only to fill his customer's mouth with lather, then slice off his ear and send them with the razor to him as souvenirs of their difference of opinion.

Now, in her majesty's dominions, where the parcel post takes the place of express companies, special messengers and delivery wagons, such a conglomerate lot of things would excite no comment. There you can buy butter from the country dairy delivered in the post before breakfast, your new bonnet in time for a garden party and your sick canary from the bird store at night. But over here more things are forbidden the mail bag than are denied the faithful in the Koran. Yet people put candy, plum pudding, canned fruit, eggs, maple sugar, dead snakes and live toads in the post box.

Some of these things have got to the dead letter office. There is now in the collection at the Fair a glass box of horned toads that are still alive. Heaven or Postmaster General Bissell alone knows what they live on. Perhaps on statistics, for their tiny black beads of eyes are fixed upon a little old book labeled "Benjamin Franklin's Record of Valuables in the Dead Letter Office from



IN THE NATURAL HISTORY SECTION.

1777 to 1788." It is impossible to make out what this curious record of a hundred years ago contains, but it could scarcely have been as unique a list as that of to-day, for the post-office was not then the systematized department it is now, not so trustworthy and far more expensive.

In these two cases a boy could learn a good many curious things in natural history. He could study a rattlesnake at short range and count the rattles; learn how various birds build their nests, and the variety of eggs they lay, look at dead lizards and baby alligators, boxes of mineral ores and crystals, mounted butterflies and dried flowers, mud turtles and stuffed birds, silkworms, a human skull and a basket of mushrooms.

Here are a large number of bills, ranging from the old shin-plaster of ante-bellum days to $100 bank notes and silver certificates. There are also stamps, coins and medals for collections, and various ethnological curios, such as heathen gods carved in ivory, Indian bead work in moccasins, baskets and wampums, Chinese golden lilies of high-caste celestial ladies, a sombrero trimmed with feathers, beads and sequins.

A red ear of corn is without doubt another love letter that never reached its destination. It looks rather idiotic here, but it was doubtless intended to convey the same message it brought to the maidens who harvested the maize ear in Hiawatha. And here is another object that presents the Indian question as it appears to the postoffice department. It is a mail pouch with a placard that relates the story of a star-route martyrdom.

S. M. Peterson, mail carrier between two points in Arizona, was murdered by a band of Apaches. The mail was all destroyed and the empty bag picked up near the place where the tragedy occurred. It has a grewsome interest and makes us remember the devoted servants of the government who have gone to their death in the discharge of duty. In the light of this, the people who amuse themselves by writing letters on griddle cake turners, brickbats, collars and cuffs and pine shingles seem to need a visit from the fool killer.

Boxes of cartridges, packages of fire crackers, mechanical toys, raisins, Chinese laundry bills, Christmas cards, dolls, a masquerade suit made out of a deck of cards, pasted on black calico, cigars and tobacco, pine cones, harness and canned salmon all find a place here. A ball player's wire mask reposes on a set of doll bedsprings, a door knocker of bronze hob-nobs with a lemonade shaker, an axe forms a pedestal for a mouse-trap; skates and corn poppers, whisky flasks and machine oil cans, a masonic apron and an anti-macassar all lie down or are hung up together.

The hair of Charles Guitteau lies beside a baby's photograph, a mop head crowds a tambourine, a shoemaker's last is below a hand-painted placque, and a conductor's punch is near a lady's card case. Musical instruments are without end, from the tambourine of a Salvationist with a religious text on it to a fiddle that was once popularly held to be the abiding place of the devil. Jewelry and carpenter's tools, a coffee pot and mariner's compass, the works of a clock, pottery more or less damaged, are all here. Many of these things were worthless originally and should never have been put in the postoffice, yet they are all cared for by the government, recorded and kept a certain length of time to be reclaimed.

In frames near these are samples of letters that are received every day at the dead letter office, there to be supplied with addresses or returned to the writers. Sometimes an address is imperfect, the state or city being omitted or the wrong one given. The most difficult to decipher come from foreign countries, where it seems that every conceivable idea of the United

D. y. MALMSTROM,
Ranrak,
Nord Amerika Taxsas.

DELIVERED AT ROUND ROCK, TEXAS.

States exists. With entire confidence, letters are addressed to towns "in Nord America," and seemingly this confidence is encouraged, for it is surprising how many of these get to the right person. It would be interesting to know how long it takes one of these experts to use up the gray matter of his brain deciphering the addresses on these distracting letters.

Ignorance or stupidity could be borne with patience and equanimity, but when the "smart aleck" gets to work and employs some fantastic nickname of his own for person or city, it must make the clerks in the dead letter office long to make an object lesson of the writer.

Nora Marks

DR. R. C. FLOWER.

THE FAMOUS PHYSICIAN TO VISIT MICHIGAN.

His Miraculous Skill as Described by Prof. Argyle—A Physician Who Seems to Possess a Power Over Disease, Beyond Human Comprehension.

Dr. R. C. Flower, the famous Boston specialist, whose treatment and miraculous cures have excited the country as nothing else in the medical line has ever before done, is to visit this section professionally in a few days, and will be at the following places on the dates given:

Toledo, Ohio, Wednesday, July 12th, Hotel Madison; Jackson, Mich., Thursday, July 13th, Hibbard House; Detroit, Mich., Friday and Saturday, July 14th and 15th, Hotel Cadillac; Grand Rapids, Mich., Monday, July 17th, Morton House; Lansing, Mich., Tuesday, July 18th, Hotel Downey; Port Huron, Mich., Wednesday, July 19th, Huron House; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Friday, July 21st, Hotel Perry; Marquette, Mich., Saturday, July 22d, Hotel Marquette.

Dr. Flower has attained such eminence in his profession in the treatment of chronic diseases that he is regarded as the highest authority in his specialties.

While Dr. Flower treats all chronic diseases and posseses every facility that money and experience can give him in the treatment of such diseases, his specialties are cancer, consumption, tumors, paralysis, nerve and heart troubles. In the treatment of these he has no superior in the world. It was of him that Prof. Argyle said:

"Dr. Flower possesses the faculty of pleasing and inspiring his patients in a wonderful manner. I have seen scores of people consult him, who at death's door were in despair awaiting the end, come from his presence full of hope and joy and in every way feeling better, and who permanently improved after that hour. What he does to these dying sufferers I cannot tell you—he charms them and cures them in a miraculous way."

In a recent article regarding Dr. Flower's practice, the Albany Journal, said:

"The facts as presented warrant the belief that there is no good reason for the ill to suffer, or the sick to die as they do, for Dr. R. C. Flower with his skill and his methods and means has demonstrated and is demonstrating that these varied and terrible chronic diseases when given up as incurable by ordinary practice are by his methods successfully treated and cured."

Dr. Flower's visit to the above places will afford the sick excellent opportunity to consult this eminent authority close to their homes.

MAN'S MARVELOUS ORGANISM.

We Have Millions of Nerves and Resist Tons of Pressure.

In the human body there are about 263 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages 30 pounds, or fully one-fifth the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,792,000 per year, 2,565,440,000 in three score and ten, and at each beat two and one-fourth ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, seven and three-fourths tons per day.

All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes, says the Popular Science Monthly. This little organ by its ceaseless industry pumps each day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high, or one ton 122 feet high. The lungs will contain one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average of 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 quarts per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 2,150 square inches, an area nearly equal to the floor of a room 12 feet square. The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces.

The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "bodyguard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled. The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-pipe one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long. Man is marvelously made. Who is eager to investigate the curious and wonderful works of omnipotent wisdom let him not wander the wide world around to seek them, but examine himself.

Virtue Rewarded.

The Tennessee gentleman who sent three fat possums to the President some years ago has been rewarded with the Mexican consulship.—Chicago Tribune.

DEAF PEOPLE AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

JUGGLERS FROM BOMBAY

THEIR SLEIGHT OF HAND IS MODERN—NO MANGO TREE IN IT.

They Are Snake Charmers, and They Do a Number of Tricks With Water With No Devices.

Mr. Henry Ballantine, United States consul at Bombay, is in this city on his way to Chicago, taking with him five Indian jugglers from Bombay. Three of the jugglers gave a private exhibition yesterday afternoon on a Twenty-third street stage, and, while they did only a few tricks new in this country, they did many of the old tricks without any of the assisting screens, cornucopias, and other concealing devices. Some of their performances introduced two hideous cobras, both of which left their baskets at one time, and that was not at all in the programme, but the spectators, like the old lady who was in a wreck on her first railroad trip, thought it was the regulation thing, and were not frightened.

The Indians are tall, lithe, smiling, talkative fellows, who do most of their work squatted on the stage in a friendly manner, and are picturesquely robed in flowing white and turbaned in orange. All of their "lay-out" is brought on the stage in a red jute sack, which is thrown on the middle of the stage and from which they extract human bones, musical instruments, live snakes, water-filled jars, or anything else required. They play a great deal on musical instruments, or instruments that are called musical—a hand drum and the Bombay equivalent for the bagpipes, says the New York Sun.

In all the tricks which were new here water was used. In one a boat about eighteen inches long, made of jade or some such mineral, was laid on the stage, and in the fore part of it an opium pipe was stuck like a mast. Then the boat was filled with water and one of the jugglers moved the outfit with weird sounds from his gourd pipe. Standing clear from the boat four or five feet the juggler asked the opium pipe to spout like a fountain, and lo! it obligingly obeyed. It did this several times at his command, spouting a tiny stream from the bowl of the pipe, which was twelve inches above the boat, and ceased to spout when asked to. That was all there was to it, but the juggler did not touch the boat or pipe, and only the narrow keel of the boat rested on the carpeted stage.

Then half of a cocoanut shell was set on the stage, filled with water, and a toy duck, no larger than one joint of a man's thumb, was set in this diminutive pond. After the necessary music the juggler squatted on the stage four or five feet away, and requested the duck to salute the spectators—"Salaam sahibs." The duck bowed repeatedly, and then to the pleasing measure of the pipe performed a duck dance on the surface of the water. Being requested to die, the duck ended the performance by turning on its back.

The third water trick suggested the familiar feat in which Hermann produces from beneath his coat globes filled with water in which live fish swim. But in this, as in all the tricks which have been copied in modified form, nothing was concealed. The juggler brought out a stone drinking vessel apparently filled to the rim with water. Coming to the very edge of the stage he spattered the water out with his hand, spilled it out in splashes, and sprinkled it about generously, and always the vessel remained full to the rim.

Then he turned it upside down, quite emptying it, put it to his ear a second, and the dish, which would hold a quart, was still full and running over. He blew against the side, and the water bubbled and spurted like a geyser. The juggler evidently enjoyed the puzzlement of the spectators, for after he had scattered about three quarts of water out of the vessel he aired his scant English by laughingly saying: "Plenty much water, eh?"

One of the jugglers was having some fun with five silver rupees. After he had palmed and juggled with them in a clever manner for a time, he asked one of the stage hands to hold them. Of course there were only four when the stage hand opened his fist in which he held five, so the juggler said he would fix that. He told the man to drop the four in a glass jar. That was done. The jar was shaken violently, the coins rattled noisily, and the man was told to hold out his hands for the silver. He did so, and the jar, being capsized, poured into the outstretched palms not rupees fine, but a four-foot long and very much alive snake. The stage hand ran in one direction and the snake in another. The juggler caught the snake, but the stage hand has not been seen since.

Their manner of doing some tricks seems almost impudent in its disregard of the usual concealing agencies. Every one is familiar with the trick at such shows which includes the apparent tearing and burning of a borrowed handkerchief, which is eventually restored in its surprising state of completeness to its distressed owner. But there is also some concealment. The handkerchief is apparently put in a hat, or a pistol, or under a saucer, and is so small it is easily palmed. This is the way these Indians do that sort of thing:

One took a red turban which contained at least five yards of fabric half a yard broad. He cut off several pieces the size of handkerchiefs which another tore into shreds. Then the remainder was cut into three equal pieces. Picking up all the scattered bits and bringing them together with the ends of the larger pieces he made a torch of them, which was lighted and allowed to burn down to the juggler's hand. Then he threw the mass of red turban on the carpet, crushed out the fire, sang a little song, and lifted it up a whole, unburned turban.

They delight in apparent awkwardness. Occasionally, when something is to be palmed, the very observant spectator is sure he has located that something in a stiffly held hand or under an arm. Just when you are ready to swear to your astuteness the juggler lets you see you were mistaken and you hope no one noticed how you were fooled.

The cobras enjoy the distinction of being quite the ugliest reptiles in appearance and temper with which man has made acquaintance. They were in separate baskets, and, the covers being removed, one of the jugglers attempted to charm them with his gourd pipe; but the charm did not work. Both snakes hissed and struck at the man, and then both left their baskets, and, with their ugly hooded heads erect, made a dash for liberty. They were pounced on, captured in bare hands, and returned to their baskets.

Afterward another juggler tried his mouth on the pipe, and because he played better, or worse, the cobras were charmed. They raised their heads, and he slowly walked about them. They followed, turning their flat bodies in the basket so that they always faced the player. Without touching them, and still dolorously piping, he induced them to hide their heads in the basket, where they were covered and fastened in.

It will be observed that no mango tree grew from a seed before the eyes of the spectators and produced fruit which ripened on the spot. This is the traditional traveler's tale about Indian jugglery.

AFTER BREAKFAST

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel "I ke a new man." The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why don't you try it?

Hood's Pills cure constipation. They are the best after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

DELAY.

I told her that I loved her well,
But I would be content
To wait till she could truly tell
Her sweet heart's sentiment,
And she, the arbiter of fate,
Her regal head bent low
And asked, "Do you think you could wait
A hundred years or so?"

—Judge.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Pigs Weak in Back.

J. M. K., Missouri:—Your pigs have either caught cold or have been fed too much. Heavy feeding frequently causes weakness in pigs. Another source of weakness is in breeding of fine stock. New blood should be injected into breeding sows; that is, blood that is not of the same kind. If you have been feeding freely, cut down the amount of food given, and give no food that is not of the best. Rub on the small of the back of each pig about two teaspoonfuls of turpentine. Keep the pigs in a sty that does not permit the air to blow through it when the weather is harsh. Let them run to grass on fine days.

Mare Tosses Her Head.

K. L. B., Iowa:—There are several things that will cause a mare or horse to toss their head, namely: Toothache, something in the ear, polypus in the nose, and colic. If the mare is troubled with pain, a physic of raw linseed oil will be beneficial, say 12 ounces. Examine the teeth to see if they are sound. If not, they must be attended to. Look in her ears for a foreign substance; also in her nostrils. As she is old, it may be that she is suffering from indigestion, which will be benefited by the linseed oil. Feed her at regular hours, and be careful not to give her too much grain nor corn for three or four weeks.

Colt Chews Harness—Jaws and Throat Swells.

H. S. M., Indiana:—Put a light bridle without blinds on your colt, with a strap on it around the nose, so that it cannot open its mouth sufficiently wide to bite anything. The swelling on the jaws and throat of your mare, that comes and goes, will very likely disappear if you give her an ounce of pulverized saltpeter in her drinking water every other day until three ounces are taken. Keep an eye on her throat to see if the swelling settles there and does not disappear. If it does you will have a case of strangles on your hands which will need poulticing.

Eruption on Neck of Mare.

G. J. G., Michigan:—The probability is that your mare has mange, which causes much itching. You are advised to give the mare a cathartic of 15 ozs. of raw linseed oil, and afterward bathe the part afflicted with 1 drachm sugar of lead, stirred well in a pint of water. If the dose does not cause the eruptions to disappear, you must resort to more heroic measures. Her diet must be looked after. Feed no corn but a sufficiency of oats and sweet hay. It will be a good thing to let her run to grass for a week. If at the end of this time the eruptions have not disappeared apply this: Powdered stavesacre, 2 ozs.; lard, 8 ozs.; olive oil, 1 oz.; mix at a gentle heat. Rub a little of this well in every day, washing off with warm water and soap before reapplying.

Filly Ruptured.

C. W., Ohio:—Your treatment of the filly that was ruptured was excellent. You had better let nature now take its course. A filly, two years old, will likely grow out of the trouble by a little aid. Make a pad that will fit snugly over the tumor. This may be cut out of leather, and may be kept in place by plastering it on with shoemaker's wax. Then put a broad, tight bandage around the filly's body. It will be well to clip as much of the hair away from the part as possible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Colts in Summer.

With colts what is most necessary is a steady growth from birth to maturity. It is rarely advisable to push the growth to any considerable extent, yet it is very important to maintain a steady growth.

If the mare has the run of a good pasture, and in addition is given a light ration of oats and bran, or something of this class, there will usually be but little difficulty in obtaining a fair growth of the colt. But it is often the case that the hot, dry weather of summer will cut the pasture short, and unless care is taken the mares will not be able to receive sufficient feed to keep thrifty. In nearly all cases it will pay to feed the mares a light feed twice a day, as with pasture this will make a more complete ration. Give plenty of water and a good shade in the pastures; this will add materially to their output. If the mares are worked, care must be taken not to allow the colts to suck when they are very warm; give the mares a chance to cool off, as serious injury may result.

No set rules as to the best management can be given, as at some times one thing is best, and at another something different should be followed; to a considerable extent the conditions must be the basis of the treatment.

During the first summer the mother's milk will be the chief dependence for sustenance. If the mare is fed regularly at the proper time, the colts will learn to eat out of her box, and when this is the case it is nearly always best to increase the rations; this will accustom the colt to eating, and a better growth will be secured. See that the colts have good shade; it is almost cruel to compel a colt to stand out exposed to the hot sun during the summer, and if there are no shade trees in the pasture it will be a good plan to put up shelter of some kind.

During the second summer grass can nearly always be made the principal rations; yet, in many cases, it will be found a good plan to give a light ration of oats and bran daily, as the better growth and development secured will nearly always make this extra feeding profitable.

Growing colts need plenty of exercise, and this is as important in summer as at any other season. Exercise is necessary for health and thrift, for growth and development; and with colts plenty of opportunity should be afforded for them to take all they will. While they should be allowed a free range, it is nearly always best to handle sufficiently to keep them accustomed to it; otherwise with the feeding and watering necessary to keep thrifty, they can be let go.—Ag. Epitomist.

Detasseling Corn.

The experiments mad in detasseling corn at the various stations have not yet been so fruitful of results as to convince us that in this matter science has improved upon the ways of na-

"Working Girls,

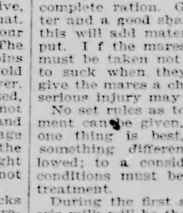
"Are your cheeks pale?

"Your eyes dull, and step heavy?

"Does your back and side ache sometimes terribly?

"Are you at times faint and dizzy, with pain in the lower part of your stomach?

"Do you watch the clock, and wish the day would end, as you feel ill, and so tired. If so listen! Standing all day, week in and week out, you have slowly drifted into woman's great enemy, displacement of the womb.



MISS SALLIE PALMER

"That or some other derangement of the organ, causing irregularity and other troubles.

"Take warning in time! *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you."—*Miss Sallie Palmer, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

The Farmstead.

A "RUN DOWN" and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. And, with a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

$500 is offered, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh. Their remedy perfectly and permanently cures the worst cases.

Buckwheat.

Buckwheat is often a profitable late crop. It is also excellent for clearing land, and by its rapid growth and dense shade assists in the process of nitrification, or changing animal and vegetable matters into nitrates so that they become soluble in water. Consequently the corp following buckwheat sometimes has a great quantity of available plant food ready for its use.

Watering Horses.

Water your horses more than three times a day while they are working hard during hot weather, even if it does put you to some inconvenience. The extra work that they will do, and the better condition in which they will keep, will fully repay you.

Green Food.

As spring approaches, fowls, like human beings, require a change of diet. The heavy, heating, flesh producing, fat inducing foods are no longer needed, but in their place something green is craved. In lieu of green grass, of which all fowls are fond, and which is beneficial to old and young fowls of every degree, some kind of vegetables must be given occasionally once or twice a week at least; cabbage ranks first and happy is the poultryman who has the forethought to procure and the convenience to store a goodly amount of this edible vegetable. In the fall after the good heads of cabbages have been marketed or stored, there remains in any patch of considerable size, ill-shaped heads and stumps of stalks that have been cut for use in the family, remain in the ground, which go to utter waste. Instead of suffering this, they should be saved for the fowls, and will serve them many a fine treat. Turnips, carrots, potatoes, inferior apples may also be turned to good account, and even vegetable parings will usually be eagerly devoured by fowls, especially in the winter and early spring. Onions chopped fine and fed to fowls are excellent for any sort of cold and are also aids to digestion. Hens fed on a variety of grains, a little meat and green stuff of some kind, will lay more eggs, and the young chicks hatched from the same will be healthy and vigorous.—Ag. Epitomist.

Thayer's Berry Bulletin for July.

Give shallow cultivation to all small fruit plants every week in July.

Good growth this month practically determines the value of bearing canes and vines the following season.

Liberal mulching and frequent cultivation are essential to this end.

The pinching back of late new shoots of raspberries and blackberries should be continued.

The bearing canes of raspberries should be cut near the ground, immediately after fruiting, and burned.

The fruiting beds of strawberries should be closely cut with scythe or mower immediately after fruiting, and after drying a few days, burned over.

The treatment of raspberries and strawberries will destroy the germ of many insect pest and fungus diseases, and at the same time add much to the health and vigor of new growth.

The rows of strawberry beds intended for fruiting another year should be reduced to ten or twelve inches in width, the grass and weeds hoed out, and ground spaded or pulverized between the rows, then add a liberal dressing of well rotted manure.

If the strawberry bed has been fruited for two years, plow it at once, and sow to buckwheat or some other thick growing crop, and plow the same under just before frost.

This keeps the ground free from weeds and adds fertility to the soil.

Allow the new runners or strawberries to root for plants, and see that each plant has three or four inches square space in which to grow.

Many berries are small and inferior because vines are too thickly matted in the row.

The orange rust on raspberries may be expected about this time. All affected canes should be dug out, root and branch, and burned.

If the worm is still on the currant and gooseberry bushes, sprinkle again with white hellebore, one ounce dissolved in two gallons of water.

Bagging Grapes.

For several years we have adopted the practice of bagging our grapes as a protection against birds and insects. I should like to offer a few suggestions. "H. L. Y." says he puts on the bags on the first appearance of an attack by the birds; but is this quite early enough? The tender skin of the grape is frequently punctured before this, by little insects, in such a way as to injure the fruit most

Talmage's Sermon.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

Beauties of Christianity to the Aged—A Pass Word Which Will be Honored at the Gate of Heaven.

Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen as his subject for the week, the text: "At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above, or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade; and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations, and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells aringing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman Campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are light-houses on the coast, toward which I hope we are sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we can not find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrow—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light."

The text shall also find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young—to have the sight clear, and the hearing acute, and the step elastic, and all our pulse marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Mid-life and old age will be denied many of us, but both we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That snow was not always on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the ball flying sky-high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits, and broad shoulders for burden carrying, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag, and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. You can not hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains; old rivers; old seas; old stars, and old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say they are 40, but they are 60. They say they are 20, but they are 30. They say they are 60, but they are 80. How some people will lie! Glorious old age, if found in the way of righteousness. How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, failing with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God! At eventide it was light!

See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passersby, "You will be an old man." "You will be an old woman." People thought he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Plough not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock! 5 o'clock! 6 o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! 8 o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon; the warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock! 10 o'clock! The heavy dews are falling; the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At eventime it is light! light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle and with the other she touches the grave.

I went to the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down thehall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light. I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us, "Hosannah! Hosannah!" "Throw back the latters and let the sun come in," said dying Scoville M'Collum, one of my Sabbath school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes, and wings of ascension, as he exclaims: I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Hugh M'Kail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried, "Farewell, sun, moon and stars! farewell, all earthly delights!" Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried, "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said, in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting, and fearing, and shivering, but their battle-cry rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher, and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven. "O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave! where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all save words, acclamations, expressions, all raptures exclamations: bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment. Out of the joy of spirit let it shout mount up before the throne of God, shouting, Free! Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven; but the eye hath not seen it. Your ear has caught harmonies unexcelled and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill, and bird's carol, and waterfall's dash, and ocean's doxology; but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it; seraphim have not capacity enough to praise the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palm wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, shout the last thing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and, if with your scepters you cannot reach it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We were green on earth and now we come up to the great heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God, and deserved to die; but we head the voice of Jesus—'Ay! ay!'" says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever.

Ah! do you remember that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet, light in the evening. As all the stars of night sink their anchors of pearl in lake, and river, and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down-flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all the tears from their eyes." Close the eyes of the departed one; earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold thehands: life's work is ended. Veil the face: it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady, in his dying hour, cried, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment, he exclaimed, with illuminated countenance, "Light." In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried, "Light! light!" Thank God for light in the evening.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

Is the price of health. But with all our precaution there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting for favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even for generations and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the unequaled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it conquers disease.

CRADLE OF BATTLESHIPS.

Cramp & Sons' Ship Yards, Where Our Fastest Cruisers Are Built.

Since the United States has begun to make pretensions as a naval power the American people have acquired a lively interest in naval architecture, and can give you off-hand an elucidation of all the points of difference between a cruiser and a line of battle ship, and an accurate comparison of the naval strength of the great nations of the earth. To these nautical

CHARLES H. CRAMP.

amateurs a most interesting institution is the great shipbuilding yards of William Cramp & Sons at Philadelphia, where many of our latest, largest and fastest cruisers were built.

William Cramp, the founder of the firm, commenced business in a modest way in 1830, building wooden and steam sailing vessels. Two sons, Charles H. and William M. Cramp, were admitted into partnership in 1857, and in 1868 three younger Cramps became members of the firm. Charles H. Cramp stands at the head of the firm as at present organized. He looks after the social interests of the firm—a very important department when it is considered that the concern has constantly a number of important contracts with the government involving many millions of dollars. Mr. Cramp has traveled extensively in foreign lands and has a large circle of friends, with whom he is very popular. He dresses in conventional business style and usually wears a high hat.

Since the downfall of John Roach's firm at Chester, Pa., the Cramps are known as the largest ship builders in the country. The firm has been eminently successful in its enterprises, and not only built the fastest cruiser in our navy, but has turned out many private yachts celebrated for their elegance and speed, including Jay Gould's Atalanta, Astor's Nourmahal, Vanderbilt's Alva and Bennett's Noumania.

W. H. Cramp, one of the junior members of the firm, looks after the yards, and has charge of the 1,500 men employed there. The yards occupy about 350 acres and are entirely covered by shipways, machine shops, foundries and sheds.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1103 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

AFTER THE SUN GOES DOWN.

When a man discovers himself to be the father of triplets he can hardly believe his own census.—Boston Courier.

There is a man in this town who hates whisky so that he won't even go to see a tight rope walk.—Dansville Breeze.

You perhaps wouldn't think so to look at it, but almost any musician will tell you that the stick beats the drum all hollow.—Troy Press.

"Now, he's what I call an all-around athlete," said Crimsonbeak when he discovered young Sprinter with his arms about his daughter.—Yonkers Statesman.

"It wasn't a case of love at all; he married her for his money." "You mean for her money, don't you?" "No; she sued him for breach of promise and won the suit.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Cook—(who has just been kissed by the chimney sweep—Ah, what happy creatures the cooks in Africa must be! They can get kisses from chimney sweeps every hour of the day and yet no one can ever see the slightest trace of them.—Schalk.

"By the way, where is Jones now?" asked Briggs. "I haven't heard of him for a long time." "He has gone to the spirit land," replied Quimby. "What, is he dead?" "I didn't say he was dead. He has moved to Kentucky."—Texas Siftings.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

The Pension Question.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a reader of The Blade, and admire the Camp Fire very much. In your issue of the 29th ult, Comrade Crawford gives a "Practical Talk on Pensions," and I heartily concur with him in a great measure, but I know of no such pensioner as described in the following quotation:

"Why not investigate the original pension laws and see about some of those who served 60 or 90 days, who were discharged for disability, returned to the pursuits of private life and have been enjoying pensions for years past, and at the same time performing hard manual labor."

If Comrade Crawford knows of such pensioner it is his duty to report him to the Commissioner of Pensions, and have his pension stopped. We do not need Hoke Smith to "turn on the light," if Comrade Crawford has personal knowledge of these frauds. The law makes ample provision for clearing the pension roll of these impostors, and all that Comrade Crawford need do is to have it properly enforced; but if he does not know of such pensioners, then it is very uncharitable in him to insinuate that they are frauds on account of their short terms of service.

I do not think that Comrade Crawford intended to charge his comrades with having obtained pensions by dishonorable means, but his language is susceptible of such construction, and could easily be tortured into a confession of fraud.

Every soldier who has an honorable discharge stands on an equal footing, whether he served 30 days or three years. If he was discharged for disability in 60 or 90 days after he was mustered into service it was because he was declared by a board of surgeons to be unable to perform military duty. If the disability for which he was discharged was contracted in the service, in line of duty, he is justly entitled to a pension.

Under the original pension law, which was passed when the feeling toward Union soldiers was far more patriotic and creditable than it is now; the term of the soldier's service was not considered, but his disability to make a support for himself and family, and his pension is rated under that law, according to the extent of his disability, and not according to the length of his term of service. If in 30 days after a soldier enlisted he has an arm or a leg shot off, is he not as justly entitled to a pension as the one who, after serving three years, lost an arm or a leg? Or, if he should contract a disability that is equivalent to the loss of an arm or a leg, is he not as justly entitled to a pension as either of his wounded comrades?

Let common sense and justice answer. Comrades, this government is justly and honorably bound to give every disabled soldier a pension just in proportion to the injury inflicted, and his capacity to earn a support for himself and family was impaired by army service, whether he served ten days or four years. The difference between the long and short term soldier, is, that the fortunes of war favored the one and was against the other. All this fuss about 60 and 90 day soldiers is for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the people, and if possible create a popular demand for the revision, or the ultimate repeal of the pension laws. Every soldier who has an honorable discharge has a certificate under seal of an army official that he came out of the service as honorably as he went into it, and I feel that he is my comrade, and I shall never do or say anything that will militate against his interest, or injure his name or fame.—D. R. Pryor, Co. K, 29th Ill. Vol. Inft.

Everybody Not Loyal.

Editor Camp Fire:—I did not know your valuable paper until this copy before me was received. I am one of the 90-day men of your subscription roll.

I am somewhat in the same fix as Comrade Alexander, but not quite so lonely, for here in San Antonio are a good many of the old Second corps (Hancock's cavalry). Among them are Capt. Winthrop, orator on last Decoration day; but I would like to differ as to "everybody is loyal now."

It would puzzle Comrade Alexander should he come to San Antonio and see the Confederate button; it is the facsimile of the Johnny's battle flag, and shines out in every place; but the boys in gray have reconciled themselves to the change, but as to being "loyal," Oh! not the old feeling is there still. Well, the men who fought are all right, but the sneaks are the ones who are hot yet.

Some of our comrades seem to be getting disloyal faster than the gray boys are getting loyal. We have lots of men who don't care a continental for the button which they should wear and have to wear if they were not ashamed to do so, or are they afraid. If so, then the battlefield and the present state have changed but little with them. They have long since discarded the idea of paying dues to the G. A. R. posts of which some of them are members. All things will change; who knows what the next few months may bring forth, but it surely looks down here as if the war was in vain; but rally, boys, and let us make a front, and if we must go down, then let us go down with a solid front.—E. M.

A Reminder.

Editor Camp Fire:—Comrades of the 111th O. V. I., and especially those of Co. D, in all these long years I have scanned the columns of the dear old Blade in vain for a letter from some of you. Is it possible that the 45 or 40 veterans of Co. D, who were mustered out at Cleveland 28 years this month, have all answered to the final roll call? One at least is left, who has not forgotten that the 111th had an eventful service in the late war, which would fill columns in this, our champion paper, for months, and interest our scattered comrades in their declining years.

If I must call names to bring you into action I will, and commence with Lieut. French, Sergt. Cox, Sergt. Brown, Jacob Keller, and Messmate Dick Priest and others who can, if you will, write of the many battles, skirmishes, charges, retreats and sieges; and last, but not least, of the trip from Tennessee through Ohio to Washington, D. C, thence down the coast to North Carolina, and of the almost disastrous event at sea at midnight off the coast of North Carolina.—A. Thurstin.

A Nut Worth Cracklag.

Editor Camp Fire:—I wish to know who lost the canteen of whisky in the fall of 1862, while at New Creek, Va. My comrade, John Boody, and I went in search of hickory nuts, and in going to the grove we passed through the camps of some Virginia and Ohio regiments in our search. I was not very lucky, and saw a stump of a tree that was turned up and where the leaves were not disturbed a nose of a canteen came in full view and then the canteen. On tasting the contents I found it was good whisky. Putting it under my overcoat I sneaked home to our camp, telling my comrade I had a nut which was worth cracking.—Hugh M. Irvin, Co. A, 106th Reg., N. Y. I.

Who Was He?

Ed. Camp Fire:—Will some old comrade tell us the name of the officer who led the charge made by the skirmishers at the battle of the Cedars, Dec. 7, 1864, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., when Maj. B. C. G. Reed was killed? That charge, for bravery, discounted anything I ever saw during the whole war, and I saw much. A short sketch of Gen. Milroy's operations in and around Murfreesboro would be interesting to many Ohio and Minnesota boys.

S. KILTRO.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"Old Kaskaskia," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It is an historical romance, written with the fire and vigor of this author. It is hard not to believe that we are not back in the city which the flood washed away, as we read her realistic story.

In "The Story of the Nations," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city, comes that of "Poland," by W. R. Morrill, M. A., a gentleman whose knowledge well fitted him for writing of this country. The story is well told in strong language, and finely illustrated.

"Vagaries of Sanitary Science," by F. L. Dibble, M. D., which is published by J. B. Lippincott Co., is an onslaught upon sanitary reformers, including boards of health. He says there is a large amount of humbug in the whole thing, and brings facts to disprove the pet theories of the sanitarians.

"Youth," by Charles Wagner, is translated from the French by Ernest Redwood, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city. This is a book which every young man and every young woman should read. It is written with earnestness; even with intense feeling, recognizing the pitfalls lying at the feet of the young, but endeavoring to teach them how to avoid them.

In the "All-Over-the-World" series, issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston, comes "Strange Sights Abroad," by Oliver Optic, the well known writer for the young, and especially for boys. The story is bright and entertaining.

"The Philosophy of Singing," by Clara Kathleen Rogers, is published by Harper & Brothers, New York city. It is a treatise upon expression, how to convey emotion by the voice. The volume is divided into three parts—the first giving the title to the book; the second treating of "Mechanism and Technique," and the third applying these principles in order to elucidate the philosophy of singing.

The Harpers also publish "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Horatio Bridge. There is always room for a book of this kind about a person who is known and loved so well as Mr. Hawthorne.

"The Great Chin Episode," by Paul Cushing, the author of "A Woman With a Secret," "Cut With His Own Diamonds," etc., is published by MacMillan & Co., New York City. It is an English story, Chin being a village, the home of the principal characters of the story.

"Shandon Bells," by William Black, is a reprint of an old favorite by Harper & Brothers. It will be remembered as the popular serial that ran through Harper's Bazar some time ago.

In the "Library of Economics and Politics," edited by Prof. Richard T. Ely, comes the second number entitled "The Repudiation of State Debts," by William A. Scott, Ph. D., published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York city. This is a most important contribution of the day to financial history and worthily continues the admirable series of works planned by Prof. Ely for Crowell's "Library of Economics and Politics."

"Whittier with the Children," by Margaret Sidney, is illustrated with a full page photogravure and sixteen exquisite cuts from photographs and drawings made at the poet's homes of his pets and favorite retreats. It is published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

In the beautiful series of "American Statesmen," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., comes in two volumes "Abraham Lincoln," by John T. Morse, Jr. It is written in a most interesting manner, and is a splendid addition to the biographies of the patriot statesman.

In Harper's "Black and White Series" comes Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa," by Henry M. Stanley. It contains interesting facts and is prettily illustrated.

"Unforgiven" is a story by Anna C. E. Reifsnider, St. Louis. This is a second edition of an interesting romance. It is a book calculated to make every reader better who reads it. It will encourage the sorrowing and brighten the lives of many. It is full of sunshine and helpfulness, and all its lessons are excellent. Published by Anna C. E. Reifsneider, St. Louis.

"Civilization Among the Sioux Indians," by Herbert Welsh, is published in pamphlet form by the Office of Indian Rights association, Arch street, Philadelphia.

SOUNDS BETTER THAN IT LOOKS.

An O'er True Tale.

Mary Jane sat alone with her beau
For six hours with the gas turned down low,
When he said he must geau
It affected her seau
That she wept and exclaimed: "Eau, neau, neau!"

—Chicago Tribune.

A Patriotic Colonel.

There was once a patriotic colonel,
Whose pleas for place were diolonel,
When he found that the door
Would be opened no more
His feelings were something infolonel.

—Washington Star.

Come to Sea.

A gentleman took a long cruise,
To cure an attack of the bluise.
He went on a yacht
He lately had bught,
And now the wide ocean he vuise.

—Boston Courier.

A Wilder Story.

Marshall Wilder tells a story—an old one, of course—about poor Richard which has made many a welkin ring. An actor had a dream. He dreamed that he was dead and waiting for admission at the gate of Paradise.

"Who are you?" asked the angel suspiciously, for there was a sign up which said:

"Actors will please take the elevator for the lower floor."

"I was an actor in Richard Mansfield's company for five years," answered the man. A gleam of pity lit the angel's face. "Pass in, young man," he said; "you have had hell enough on earth."

Prof. Barnard's Photographs of the Milky Way.

During the last few years Prof. Barnard of the Lick Observatory, has been engaged in photographing in detail the milky way. It is said that when the plates are finished, which will not be for three years, the facts revealed by them will revolutionize the old conceptions of this phenomenon. The text-books declare that the milky way probably contains 20,000,000 suns, but Prof. Barnard estimates that the camera will record the presence of at least 500,000,000, with the certainty that there must be a still larger number, which are not visible.

WHEN TRAVELING

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

It Was a Great Temptation.

"In these days of enterprise and competition in trade," said a citizen, "there is no reason why we should be surprised at anything: and yet, do you know I did feel just a little bit surprised when I saw this morning, in front of a stationery store, a card reading. 'To-day Skillby's ink 4c cents a quart,' and I felt almost tempted to go in and buy a quart; or a pint, anyhow."

The Difference.

Then up rose pretty Mary,
And these words did she speak:
"I'd like a mustache on my mouth
And whiskers on my cheek!
Nay, mother, do not throw at me
That gaze of wild despair,
I'd like them—be it understood,
But not when growing there!"

—Exchange.

Poker Mad.

Polson—There's no such thing as two hearts that beat as one.
Gayboy—There certainly is.
Polson—Then you count the cards differently from me!

—Town Topics.

His Opposite Easy to Find.

He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite.
She—(encouragingly)—Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls right in this neighborhood.—Art in Advertising.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

How to Get a Patent.

F. N., Mound Station, Ill.: Here are all the facts concerning obtaining a patent:

Application for patent must be made in writing to the commissioner of patents. The applicant must also file in the Patent office a written description of the same, and of the manner and process of making, constructing, compounding, and using it, in such full, clear, concise, and exact terms as to enable any pesons skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound, and use the same; and in case of a machine, he must explain the principle thereof, and the best mode in which he has contemplated applying that principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions, and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement, or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The specification or claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses.

When the nature of the case admits of drawings, the applicant must furnish one copy signed by the inventor or his attorney in fact, and attested by two witnesses, to be filed in the office. In all cases which admit of representation by model, the applicant, if required by the commissioner, shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit advantageously the several parts of his invention or discovery.

The applicant shall make oath that he verily believes himself to be original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, machine, manufacture, composition, or improvement for which he solicits a patent; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used, and shall state of what country he is a citizen. Such oath may be made before any person in the United States, authorized by law to administer oaths, or, when the applicant resides in a foreign country, before any minister, charge d'affaires, consul, or commercial agent, holding commission under the government of the United States, or before any notary public of the foreign country in which the applicant may be.

On the filing of such application and the payment of the fees required by law, on such examination, it appears that the claimant is justly entitled to a patent under the law, and that the same is sufficiently useful and important, the commissioner will issue a patent therefor.

Fees must be paid in advance, and are as follows: On filing each original application for a patent, in all design cases: For three years and six months, $10; for seven years, $15; for fourteen years, $20. On filing each caveat, $10. On every application for the reissue of a patent, $30. On filing each disclaimer, $10. For certified copies of patents and other papers in manuscript, ten cents per hundred words; for certified copies of printed patents, 85 cents. For recording every assignment, agreement, power of attorney, or other paper, of three hundred words or under, $1; of over three hundred and under one thousand words, $2; of over one thousand words, $3. For copies of drawings, the personal cost of making them.

It is always better, where one is not thoroughly posted, to employ a patent attorney. You can settle the matter of this fees before placing the matter in his hands.

Tariff Facts.

J. E., Millersburg, O.: The present low prices of wheat, live stock, cotton and wool, are the direct result of raising more than the world needs, and to a small degree of the remarkable, compelling ocean freight rates, especially ocean freights. "Free exchange with foreign countries" would not advance their prices a penny, because it could not increase consumption. You are perfectly correct when you say that "free trade would destroy or injure our industries, or cause a great reduction in wages for American workingmen." It could not help but do that. Competition among our own factories has been strong enough to reduce the prices to almost ruinous figures, and to dump foreign goods and stock upon the country, some one would have to suffer by that, and that would be the American manufacturer and workingmen."

The real cause of the recent gold exports is given in the Bureau of Weekly Bonds of July 6, under the head, "Cause of Gold Exports."

The low price of wool is due to the enormous increase of wool production, especially in Australia and South Africa. The price of wool in the United States today is the London price plus the duty on that grade of wool; that is, the price our farmers here get is that much higher than the London price. Foreign wool is mixed with American wool by manufactures, not because it is necessary, but because it is cheaper. These cheap African and Australian wools are far inferior in quality to ours, and the manufacturers, all over the world adulterate fine wool by mixing as much cheap wool with it as they can without detection, just as a dishonest grocer adds his vinegar or mixes sand with sugar. It is perfectly safe to say, that woolen manufacturers here "are afraid to purchase large quantities of the present outlook of a reduction of the duty on cloth and cheaper foreign wool."

The only reliable statistics as to manufactures are those of each census. By the census of 1870 we had 252,148 manufacturing establishments of all kinds in the United States, employing 2,053,996 persons, with $2,118,268,768 capital, and an annual product of $4,232,325,442.

By the census of 1880, we had 253,852 establishments of all kinds, with $2,790,272,606 capital, employing 2,732,595 persons, and an annual product of $5,369,579,191.

We have not the exact official figures for 1890, but we know to a certainty that they show an enormous increase. There was an increase from 1870 to 1880, but the panic of 1873 and the years of depression that followed caused the increase to be slow. There was no such depression from 1880 to 1890, and our industries grew rapidly. Hereafter send only one question at a time. We have not room to discuss more than one fully.

The Ferris Wheel.

L. K., Mount Clare, Mich., asks for a "short description of the Ferris wheel at the World's Fair, how the cars travel around the wheel, and how they keep an upright position."

The Ferris wheel at the World's Fair is a triumph of ingenuity. It has been called by many who have seen it the Eiffel tower of the exposition. It is an immense wheel, about 260 feet in diameter, made to revolve upon a monstrous shaft. The cars, which carry passengers, do not travel around the wheel, but instead the wheel travels around with them. These cars, as recently explained to the writer, very much resemble the old-fashioned "bob-tailed" street cars. At certain distances around the edge of the wheel, strong steel shafts protrude to a distance of six feet. The cars are placed upon these shafts in such a manner as to permit them to turn on the shaft. As the wheel revolves the car remains perpendicular, or in the same position, turning upon the shaft to which they are hung. By this method they remain in the same position as the wheel turns. It is said it takes about 45 minutes for the wheel to make a revolution, stopping as each six cars reach the earth, to discharge and receive passengers.

An Old Campaign Yarn.

C. K., Belmore, O., says: "I was talking to a Democrat on the protective tariff system and he referred to agricultural implements, saying that American-made wagons could be bought cheaper in a foreign country than they can in this country. Please enlighten me on the subject."

The Democrat to whom you talked gave you the old stock campaign lie. The statement is untrue. American agricultural implements sold in foreign countries cost more than the same articles sold in this country. Owing to great competition implements such as you mention are sold here usually at a small margin of profit, and when shipped abroad the cost of transportation, insurance, etc., must be added to the cost of manufacture. The Blade from time to time has printed schedules of prices in Europe, one especially some time since, from a price list issued by a Glascow firm. A $65 wagon in the United States, costs $100 there, and a Wood harvester 25 per cent more than in the United States. To get these prices any one may write to foreign firms and find out the fallacy of this stock Democratic lie.

Why Banks Fail.

J. A. S., Casperville, Ind.: Bank failures, when not the result of mismanagement (and there are comparatively few), result from lack of confidence. There is just as much money in the country as there has been, so it is not lack of money. It is a bank's business to receive deposits and loan that money out. Under the shipments of gold, and the fear that our monetary system will go to the silver standard, depositors got alarmed. Runs were made on many banks, and quiet withdrawals of deposits were made from nearly all others. Now, it is plain that if a bank loans out the money received on deposits, it can not pay all its depositors if they all come at once, and so would have to close. Hence the banks hold the money, refusing to loan it out, so that if anything should precipitate a run, they can meet it. This cuts business men off from borrowing the money they need. This will last until confidence is restored, which will be when the Sherman law is repealed.

Pension Questions.

Soldier, Branchville, Tenn., asks: "What is meant by the appointment of these special examiners of the bureau of Pensions? Does it mean that the soldiers who are drawing pension under the act of June 27, 1890, must go back to their army service and prove that their disability originated there while in line of duty, or what does it mean? Can the pensions of the soldiers who are drawing them under that act be stopped until the law is repealed?"

Hoke Smith has instructed Col. Lochren, the commissioner of Pensions, to make the obtaining of pensions as difficult as possible, and to cut off or reduce every pension where it can be done. In answer to first question: He must prove when it was incurred. To second: They do not propose to wait for the repeal of the act of June 27, 1890. The instructions given by Hoke Smith act almost as well as the repeal of the law.

Atlantis.

A. B., West Olive, Mich., asks for "some information in regard to the Island of Atlantis, anciently supposed to have been west or southwest of Europe. Was it lately discovered?"

The story of the Island of Atlantis is a pure fable. Some persons have supposed that such an island really existed, some where between the Straits of Gibraltar and the West Indies, and that it was sunk by an earthquake; and Ignatius Donnelly wrote one of his queer books on this hypothesis. But the Challenger expedition, which made soundings of the whole Atlantic ocean-bottom, fully disproved this theory. The bed of the Atlantic is a deep, wide valley, without any mountains or sunken islands, or other elevations, such as would undoubtedly be if a large island had sunk. The story is a myth.

The Bicycle.

D. K., Defiance, O., asks for a history of the bicycle.

The bicycle is a modern form of the velocipede, which was in use years ago, and had two wheels of the same size, one in front and the other, much like the present "safety," with the exception that the wheels were much larger. The bicycle is a French invention, and was introduced from France about 1820. It had in its primal form two heavy wooden wheels and was driven by the man striking his feet on the ground. Of late years the bicycle has been much improved and has reached a stage where perfection is approached. It is now considered a necessity by many people, instead of a sporting contrivance.

Catholics in Office.

O. M., Silverthorn, Neb.: If you will think a moment, you will see there is no way of finding out how many Catholics are in office, or how many. No questions are asked as to a man's religion, nor is it recorded, because the constitution of the United States declares, in Article I of the Amendments, that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." What is prohibited to Congress can not be done, of course, by any official; and to keep a record of men's religious views would be held to be prohibiting a free exercise" of religious belief, if it were used to exclude men from official position.

Carpet Baggers.

L. K., South Salem, O., asks: "Who were the 'carpet baggers,' and why so called?"

"Carpet baggers" was a name given by Southern whites to the Northern whites who, after the civil war, went South and took an active part in politics. Many held federal offices, and others came for the purpose of qualifying for elective offices by means of a short residence. The name arose from the fact that few of them intended to permanently locate, and carried it was said) their effects in a carpet bag.

Nez Perce Reservation.

T. T. T., Little Falls, Minn., says: "Please let me know what kind of land the Nez Perce Indian reservation of Idaho is, and when it will be opened for settlement."

The Nez Perce reservation consists of 1,344,000 acres in the north part of Idaho, and is fair land for agricultural and grazing purposes. We do not know when it will be thrown open to settlement, nor does anybody else.

Author's Name Wanted.

H. W. B., Argyle, Minn., asks: "Will you kindly inform me who the author of the poem, concerning 'Liberty Bell,' is? It commences with the following lines:

"There was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town.
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down."
Who can answer?

The Poet Laureate.

W. O. B., Angola, Ind.: The announcement was made that John Ruskin would possibly be appointed poet laureate, and a cable dispatch got this distorted into the story that he had actually been appointed. He was not, however, and the appointment was conferred on Lewis Morris.

Brief Replies.

W. D., Toledo, O.: If you wish to obtain a commission as notary public in Ohio write the Governor for a blank application. You will fill this out when you receive it, also fill out a bond attached, which you must have some property owner sign. Then have it certified by the clerk of the court. Enclose $1 with it, and return it to the governor. Your commission will then be forwarded to you.

M. P., Garden City, Kan.: The best time to water a horse is after he has been fed. Still, a horse, like a man, should drink whenever he is thirsty. Except in cases where a hard drive is contemplated, it doesn't make much difference as to whether he is watered before or after eating.

J. E. B., Abilene, Kan.: We have no means of knowing accurately how many daily admissions there are to the World's Fair in complimentary passes. The official figures are only of paid admissions; and we shall publish these figures each week in our news columns.

J. M. B., Duncan's Bridge, Mo.: The method of obtaining fire by friction is known to all savage people, even the lowest and most degraded, in every part of the world. It was the original method, of course. No one can possibly tell when or where it originated.

B. F. D., Morenci, Mich.: We cannot tell you where you can purchase an outfit, with which to print a newspaper on time. You might communicate with the firms which supply such outfits as you desire, or place an advertisement in some newspaper.

H. A. R.,

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1893.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 140,000

VERY LAST CALL ON "NASBY IN EXILE."

We have only part of the last edition of "Nasby in Exile" left. We offer these only to subscribers whose time expires in July, after which no more copies of this book will be given with yearly subscriptions to the Weekly Blade. Should we have any left over in August, we shall probably dispose of them very quickly by giving them to those who get us up three-months' clubs during that month, particulars of which will be given in these columns the latter part of July. All subscribers whose time expires in July, will do well to order a copy of this book in connection with a yearly renewal. After September 1 the book will be out of print, and we shall never print another copy.

"THE EMIGRANT SHIP."

On the first page of this issue of The Blade we give the opening chapters of W. Clark Russell's charming new sea tale, "The Emigrant Ship."

We hope every one will read it. All who do so will be more than pleased. Mr. Russell is "facile princeps" among all writers of ocean stories, and possesses the rare faculty of vivid description in the highest degree. A storm on the ocean, a night on tropic seas—any scene or incident, is so superbly told that the reader gains a mental image, clear, distinct and correct, of the occurrence in every detail.

It is this quality which makes Mr. Russell's works so popular. A lady who had just read one of his former stories, said to the present writer, as she closed the book, "I really feel as if I had taken that voyage myself. I can recall every incident—not as though I had read it, but really as though I had seen it myself." Added to this is the fact, as stories alone, his writings are extremely interesting. You come to know every one of the characters as well as if they were real personages with whom you were well acquainted. His plots are good, his conversations true to life, and the story always interesting to old and young. Hence we urge all who are fond of a good story, well told, not to miss reading "The Emigrant Ship."

TO OUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We wish to call attention of our new short-time subscribers to several reasons why it is of advantage to be a subscriber to the Weekly Blade. We always have a number of offers (which are made ONLY to our subscribers), by which any one taking advantage of them saves more money than the Blade costs him.

One of these is our Watch offer, Waltham or Elgin movements, in either gold or silver cases, as you prefer, and at prices far below what you would have to pay at a store—and every watch exactly as represented. Also good chains of various patterns. Read carefully our offers under the head, "Publisher's Desk," on fifth page of this issue.

Then there is The Blade Sewing Machine, of which there is a double-column advertisement on the fifth page. We have sold already several thousand of these, and not one has failed to give perfect satisfaction. Read the advertisement carefully.

Again, don't fail to peruse our offer for Chambers's Encyclopedia on the seventh page of this issue. It is the most wonderful cheap offer ever made of a standard work of reference. The book is exactly what we say it is.

If you don't want any of these things, perhaps you want a nice set of spoons, or of forks, for your table. Read our offer for them in the "Publisher's Desk" column, on the fifth page. They are good and cheap.

We shall have some other offers to make in the fall which will be just as advantageous to our subscribers. Remember you can make money by being a regular subscriber to the old, reliable Toledo Blade!

OUR PICTURES.

Of the fourteen pictures announced in the Publisher's column on the fifth page of this issue, some or all of them are in the hands of nearly all of our old subscribers; but we have now some 40,000 new subscribers, and we hereby call their attention to this list of fine pictures for brightening their homes. Each and all of them, if they order one of them at 25 cents, will doubtless purchase the entire set. Try one of them! Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

Perhaps the most remarkable religious movement since the Reformation is the project to bring all the Greek churches in the Russian Empire under the control of the Pope of Rome. The announcement is made authoritatively by Mgr. Satolli, and hence the news is reliable. It is said to be in the interest of Pope Leo's desire to secure the disarmament of European nations, the abolition of war, and the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration; yet how such a step promotes this project is difficult to see.

Here is a convenient little rule for finding the gold value of the silver dollar, from the market price of silver bullion: Multiply the market value of silver by 77 1-3; this gives the gold value of the silver dollar. The factor 77 1-3 is the result obtained by dividing 371 1-4, the number of grains of silver in a dollar, by 480, the number of grains in a Troy ounce.

During the year ended May 1, we exported over $40,000,000 of silver. But we imported $23,000,000, chiefly from Mexico. The government bought its 45 million ounces, also; and yet there was a surplus and a sag in prices the year through.

DISRESPECT FOR LAW.

The one great safeguard of any form of government by the people is universal respect for the law. With us, the majority rules; and if it be the opinion of that majority, through their legally elected representatives, that a certain law shall be passed, then it behooves every citizen to scrupulously observe that law. This is the plain obligation of citizenship. Those who do not believe such a law should exist are not thereby entitled to ignore it. They have the undoubted right to agitate for its repeal, but so long as it is in effect it must be obeyed. Any other course leads to disrespect for law, and breeds anarchy.

Yet it is time the proud boast that the Americans are a law-abiding people is in danger of becoming an empty falsehood. There is a growing spirit of lawlessness as against statutes which do not meet the approval of certain classes. Men condemn usurpations, by excited and irresponsible mobs, of the highest function of the law—the detection and punishment of crime—yet give not a thought to the constant ignoring of other laws by men in their own communities. Yet the latter is even worse than the former; for if one class of citizens may ignore one law with impunity, it educates hundreds and thousands of others in contempt for all laws which may stand in the way of their criminal appetites and passions.

It is not to be denied that the growing spirit of disrespect for law is largely chargeable to the saloon. There is no shadow of a reason why the keeper of a saloon shall not obey a Sunday-closing law, for example, as completely as does the merchant next door, whose place of business is locked and without customers regularly every Sunday. But the fact is that he does not. Even in cities in which the executive authority honestly strives to enforce that law, it is violated constantly. Those who deal in intoxicants appear to be lost to all the law-abiding instincts which should be the pride of every free American citizen. Their occupation is such that it seems to deaden every sense of moral obligation, and the eager desire to make money, and more money, prompts to habitual lawbreaking.

It is this utter intractability of the saloon which will eventually compel all honest Americans to rise as an unit and crush it out of existence. It is a distinct menace to free government. There is not a law, nor an ordinance, nor a police regulation, that the most of the saloons will not seek to violate, to evade, to ignore. It asks more and more continually. And if the saloon-keeper may violate one law with impunity, the vicious, the depraved and the criminal classes ask themselves why they may not do the same thing regarding the laws against theft or burglary, and equally escape proper punishment. The lawlessness of the saloon as an institution is educating the masses, especially in the cities, to disrespect for all law, and breeding anarchy, socialism, and other grave evils, which in time will battle for the mastery of this nation.

One of the serious problems of the times is the government of our municipalities. The tendency is marked for our people to seek the cities. The drift from country to town is strong, and apparently increasing. While it is a fact that many of these are active, bright and pushing men, who find in the multifarious avenues of employment in a city a better opportunity to rise to fame and fortune than country life affords; yet it is also true that the idle and the vicious also seek the slums of the city as noxious reptiles seek the slime and ooze of a marsh. And this quasi-criminal class, aggregated in cities, is yearly becoming more lawless and more dangerous, and the saloon is their educator. It is time for the law-abiding classes to crush the saloon and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

CLEVELAND'S HEALTH.

The reports from Buzzard's Bay are to the effect that the President is suffering from a rheumatic attack, and that he has "trouble with his teeth"—of what nature has not been told, but presumably toothache. While the probabilities are that his ailments are in this case trivial, the fact that he is ill caused much inquiry on every hand, showing the solicitude of the public. Mr. Cleveland's obesity is almost of the nature of a disease, and the impression is growing that his physical condition is not of the best.

There is, of course, a possibility of his death before his term expires; and this touch of illness on a fishing trip causes one to reflect upon what might happen had it been fatal, instead of what it is. At this juncture, Mr. Cleveland's death would be to us a national calamity; for it would put in the Presidential chair, as his legal successor, a man in whom the American people have little confidence. Adlai Stevenson is not a man of Cleveland's ability. The latter compels his party, to a great extent, to do as he wishes; Stevenson would be merely the tool of the demagogues and visionaries who control the Democracy. And as between Cleveland and the Democracy, especially on the financial question, he is far above his party. Hence every patriotic Republican will hope that his life and health may be preserved.

A TELLING FACT.

"It will be charged that a single standard is sought by capital as a means of extorting higher rates of interest. It is enough to say that in every country having a single standard interest rates are scarcely half the rates prevailing here."—Ex-Senator Henderson's Letter to Secretary Carlisle.

The proposed organization of the farm hands of Kansas into a union for the purpose of securing an increase in wages is not favorably looked upon by the members of the Farmers' Alliance, who say they are unable to pay the scale of the wages demanded. The laborers are going to demand $30 a month as wages, and the farmers say they will not be able to pay that amount. The present rate is about $18 per month, which the farmers say is better than $2 a day for city laborers. This brings a serious question before the Alliance statesmen of Kansas.

The accounts of the rioting in Paris recall the old-time risings of the people against imperial tyranny. The French Republic would be on a more stable foundation if the people relied on the ballot rather than the bullet to remedy whatever evils may trouble the body politic.

PREMIUMS!

Thirty-Three Premiums for Blade Three Months' Clubs in July.

As recently announced, The Blade wishes to give away 50,000 three-months' subscriptions during the publication of W. Clark Russell's new serial story. We say "give away," because we are going to ask only the nominal cost of the postage and mailing. This sum will be so low that it will be practically giving away The Weekly Blade to thousands of new subscribers for the term of three months. We expect to obtain most of these subscribers by means of our friends at every postoffice sending us clubs of five to ten new subscribers each. Such clubs can be raised in 30 or 40 minutes' time. The price being nominal, we can not afford to pay a commission. On the other hand, there are hundreds of our friends in various sections who will be able to send clubs of dozens, scores, and perhaps hundreds, at this low price. To such, we have decided to offer premiums, in order to create an interest and enthusiasm among those who will delight to do this work.

We therefore offer thirty-three premiums, worth $200, for the 33 largest three months' clubs sent us during July. At the price we shall offer to send three-months' subscriptions, any club-raiser can obtain a list of a hundred or more, just as quickly as they can see that number of people. Here are the premiums:

1.—For the largest club sent us in July, we will give one new Blade Sewing Machine.
2.—For the second largest club sent us in July, we will give a gold hunting-case watch.
3.—For the third largest club sent us in July, a lady's gold watch.

For the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th largest clubs sent us in July, each a nickel-cased, open-faced watch, standard movement.

For the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d largest clubs sent us in July, we will award each a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia, as advertised in The Weekly Blade.

For the next TEN largest clubs in order, up to the 33d, sent us in July, we will award a paper-covered novel each.

We should be glad to have club-raisers send in all their names at one time; but if this cannot be done, be SURE to indicate that more are to come, or that the list is to be added to a previous one sent by you. You can write, "This is my first club list for July," and "This is my second club list for July," and "third," "fourth," and so on. BE CAREFUL to do this; otherwise we can not keep record of your lists.

It will be noted by the reader that we have not named the price for these 3-months' suscriptions. If you do not receive a card by mail giving you the remarkably low price we have to offer, write to us and you will get a reply by return mail. Send for all the sample copies you want to use in canvassing. Write for "special 3-months' terms." Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE DOG-DAY CONGRESS.

Canis Major will be in the ascendant at the time the Fifty-third Congress will meet in extraordinary session, and the tropic splendors of the dog-days will be paralleled by the heat displayed in the Congressional arena when the hosts of Democracy join battle over the financial question. The imperiled business interests of the nation await the coming session with curiously mixed feelings. The way out of the slough of financial danger and difficulty in having Congress take the straight path without more ado; but alas! then comes the thought, "but this is a Democratic Congress!" And as the mind recalls what Democracy stands for, fear of the mischief it may do predominates.

For a full generation, the Democratic party has been the political care of Adullam. To it have resorted all the discontented and discordant elements of the body politic. It has been the refuge of all the financial cranks and economic theorists of the country. For all this time its attitude has been that of a balky mule. It refused to go in the path the rest of the nation followed, and expressed its refusal by alternately kicking and braying; it had not the ability to point to a better path, to lead over a straighter or an easier road. It has been for a lifetime a mere party of negations, its working creed being that each and every act of governmental policy, under which our nation prospered as has none other, was utterly and irremediably wrong; but it had nothing to offer in the way of a better policy.

With the majority in Congress representing such a party, with its representatives divided among themselves, and a large portion really favoring a financial scheme which would plunge the nation into financial disaster and widespread ruin, the outlook would be indeed gloomy if it were not for the honest money men among the Republican minority in that body. The only hope the imperiled business interests of the country have is that there may be enough Democrats who agree with the President and the Republicans as to the proper legislation, to carry it in spite of the free silver theorists and other financial cranks in the Democratic ranks. That is to say, the country must once more depend upon Republican common sense to insure the taking of a necessary step in legislation.

When the extra session of Congress convenes, the Senate will have some important business on hand before it can discuss the repeal of the Sherman silver law. There are three Senatorial seats about which there may be inquiry by that body—those of Washington, Montana and Wyoming; and the question whether Roach, of North Dakota, an admitted embezzler, shall be allowed to take his seat, is to be determined. There will be lively times in the upper house before these matters are settled.

The tip comes from Washington that the pie counter will not be available to any great extent until the Sherman silver law is abrogated. And the Democratic hungerers wail, "What are we here for?"

A very rich strike of gold has been made in Colorado, the quartz averaging $900 per ton. It is to be hoped other similar discoveries will follow, that the mining industry in that state may prosper.

To witness the wedding march it is necessary to stand near the bridal path.

IT IS THE CLEVELAND PROGRAMME!

Ex-Senator John B. Henderson, of Missouri, has sent an extremely long letter to Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle on the monetary condition of the United States. It was written at the request of the secretary, and is made public by him. Hence it is accepted as reflecting the financial views of the administration — for no one who knows the inside of things at Washington dreams for an instant that any member of Cleveland's Cabinet would dare promulgate, even indirectly, views upon any topic of public policy not in accord with those of the Chief Executive himself—and this renders the utterances of Mr. Henderson doubly important.

The present money stringency, he thinks, is not produced by any lack or insufficiency in our present currency, "but by the loss of confidence in that currency." He demonstrates the fallacy of a popular error thus:

There is no error more common than that the abundance of money adds to the commercial or business energy of a people. A certain amount of money is essential to effect the smaller exchanges of commodities. But money does not create exchanges. It does not grow wheat and corn, nor manufacture cloth, nor operate railroads, nor sail ships. Labor and skill do these things, and, among a people entirely civilized, over 95 per cent of the exchanges necessary in those operations are effected by bank checks. The bank check having performed its office ceases to circulate, and we shall never have a perfect currency until every note used for circulation shall be destroyed on its return to the authority issuing it. England has come to this, and America, with England's experience, will do likewise.

The amount of money in circulation per capita among the people in the years named was: In 1876, $18.03; in 1875, $17.16; 1877, $15.55; 1879, $16.75; 1880, $19.41; 1882, $22.37; 1884, $22.65; 1886, $21.82; 1888, $22.88; 1890, $22.82; 1891, $23.41; 1892, $24.47; June 1, 1893, $23.88.

The truth of this can not be denied. With a larger per capita circulation than ever before, the times are harder than when it was less. Obviously it is not the lack of money, but the lack of confidence in the money with which we are expanding the circulation, that is at the bottom of the trouble. Referring then to the per capita circulation of Great Britain, which is now $19.34, of which $14.49 is gold, and that of Germany, which is $17.56, he points to the indubitable fact that both these countries, with their vast commerce and manufactures, have no lack of money; yet both are gold standard countries. From this and other data, drawn from our own financial history, he deduces that if we stop our silly experimenting with paper and silver, and adhere strictly to the gold standard, gold will flow to us as it does to Great Britain and Germany. His remedy for our financial ills is this:

First—The customs duties hereafter be paid in gold alone.

Second—The silver bullion in the government vaults should at once be sold in gold and the proceeds covered into the treasury.

Third—Three per cent gold bonds to the amount of $300,000,000 should be promptly sold and the proceeds transferred to the treasury.

Fourth—A day should be fixed, not later than January 1, 1898, for the redemption and payment in gold coin of all circulating notes of every description heretofore issued by the government.

Fifth—At least half of the silver dollars issued under the acts of 1878 and 1890 should be sold as bullion, and the remainder minted into subsidiary silver coins, and made legal tender of only ten dollars or less.

Sixth—Provision should be made for the use of $300,000,000 of gold bonds as a basis for banking, making the provisions as liberal as possible consistent with safety, but under government supervision.

Seventh—The basis of national banking should be so enlarged to permit the issue of circulating notes on the deposit of other than United States bonds, the solvency of such bonds to be passed on by responsible government officials.

Eighth—All bank issues to be redeemed in gold coin on demand.

Some of the provisions appear to us to be unnecessarily drastic. We have too much silver and too much paper for the amount of gold at our command; and because of this overplus our gold has been drained from us. But to dispose of all the silver we hold at once would be to sell it at a sacrifice, and lose millions unnecessarily. Silver production will be largely curtailed, and the price will rise above its present level. It would be better to hold it, giving the Treasury the power to dispose of it in lots whenever the demand allows its sale without ruinously breaking prices.

Again there is much to be said against the proposition to sell bonds to obtain gold. As soon as we repeal the Sherman law, stop all further coinage of legal tender silver, and thus show the world that we are on safe financial ground, the causes which draw gold away from us will no longer operate, and we shall have all we may need for the various purposes named.

Mr. Henderson's reply to the charge that capital seeks the gold standard as a means of extorting higher rates of interest is brief but absolutely convincing—that in every country having the gold standard, the interest rate is hardly half that which we pay. Were it rendered absolutely certain that all monetary obligations in the United States would be paid in gold, foreign capital would flow to us, and our interest rates would fall, rather than rise.

But the surprise of the whole matter is, the probability that Mr. Cleveland will commit himself to so stringent a programme, embracing the entire abandonment of silver and greenbacks as legal tender currency. Next comes the query, will such a radical course be adopted by the Fifty-third Congress? The outlook is certainly against it; but it is probable the President wishes to feel the public pulse, and modify the position he proposes to take in his message to Congress on August 7, in accordance with what the expression of public opinion will show him may safely be undertaken.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

The British House of Commons, in committee—which is practically the same as the committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union in our own House of Representatives—has passed a number of important clauses of the Home Rule bill to a second reading, by a good majority in each case. They are: clause 3, concerning disagreements between the two houses of the proposed Irish Parliament; clause 5, defining the Irish executive authority; clause 6, which provides for a legislative council of 48 members in the Irish Parliament; and clause 7, providing for an Irish Parliament. The committee then rose, and reported progress. The test of relative strength on these vital portions of the Home Rule bill shows that the measure will become a law, and destroys the last hope of the Tories of defeating it.

The attendance at the World's Fair steadily increases in weekly aggregate, but the maintenance of high passenger rates by the railways is causing tens of thousands to delay going, in the hope that a reduction may come. If it is not made, there will be a very large number who will abandon all hope of visiting the Fair.

A whale flop is equal to 145-horse power. Where is Gresham now?

THE OHIO DEMOCRATS.

The political situation in Ohio, since the Republican state convention, has grown steadily worse for the Democratic party. They were astonished to find so large and so enthusiastic a convention, as the ticket was a matter of renomination, and where they had confidently predicted a flat failure as to members and enthusiasm. They eagerly looked for division and faction in the Republican ranks, but to their intense surprise they find an united, aggressive enemy to fight.

And now that the extra session of Congress is called to meet at the beginning of the same week as their own state convention a host of perplexities assail them. To hold the meeting on the original date will involve the absence of the Democratic Congressmen from this state. To postpone the date will not better things materially, and to advance it a week, or even to leave it as it is, will put them in a quandary as to the platform. Verily, the Bourbon finds that the lines are not cast in such pleasant Ohio places as he once dreamed.

A most vicious attack was made upon the Republican convention, by the Democratic press of the whole country, because it did not declare itself in so many words upon the Sherman silver law. As The Blade remarked at the time, that matter would very probably be disposed of before the November election in this state, and the uncompromising honest money plank defines the position of the party accurately and clearly on the general issue, without any unnecessary committing of it to details. And, as we then predicted, the Democrats now find themselves in a real dilemma on this subject.

Two years ago, the money plank of the Ohio Democrats meant free silver. They have not receded from that position since then. But here is Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic President, with his face set like a flint against silver, demanding the repeal of the Sherman law, and calling Congress in extraordinary session in order to accomplish it! What stand will the Ohio Democracy take on the money question? Will they follow Mr. Cleveland? Dare they oppose him? Are they weak enough to attempt a straddle when none is possible? There is much interest aroused among the Ohio voters as to what its solution of the problem will be.

AFRAID OF THE DEMOCRATS.

Since the President issued his proclamation calling Congress to meet in extra session, there has grown up a well-defined apprehension that it will not confine its attention to the matter of national finance which it is called together to solve, but that it will go on and tinker with the tariff. It must be understood that Congress will possess all the powers it has in regular session. There is no restriction upon it. An extra session may be called for a single purpose, but Congress can stay in session right along, if it chooses, until its term expires by constitutional limitation, and legislate upon all matters it may choose, within the powers granted it by the federal constitution.

The business and the manufacturing interests of the country fear the Democratic majority. Ex-President Harrison fitly characterized the Fifty-third Congress a couple of weeks ago, when, speaking of President Cleveland, he said the latter was endeavoring to break in his team of wild horses. The Democratic policy has so long been one of negation that there is a painful lack, in the ranks of its so-called statesmen, of men who are versed in constructive legislation. Many of those who will be its leaders in the new Congress are theorists and doctrinaires, whose whose pet measures, if carried into effect, would be in the highest degree injurious to the country. It is no wonder the people await the assembling of the extra session with apprehension.

ABOUT PEARL BUTTONS.

In reply to an inquiry made by a Toledo merchant regarding the pearl button industry in the United States, the editor of the Dry Goods Economist says: "Previous to the passage of the McKinley bill, there were seven pearl button factories in the United States. There are now, one year after the McKinley bill took effect, one hundred and twenty pearl button factories in successful operation in the United States." He thinks that with sufficient protection, the industry is bound to grow into a great success. The raw material, or pearl button blanks, are admitted free; but there is a big duty imposed on the finished buttons, which are mostly made in Austria. It does not require very much intelligence to see that one hundred and twenty button factories must employ a great many people of this country who would be employed in Austria if it were not for the high duty on pearl buttons. These 120 factories make a market for the farmers' produce in the United States; 120 factories help pay the taxes; 120 factories add just so much more to the prosperity of the country, and this rule holds good on all kinds of merchandise manufactured here under the protection policy of the Republican party. Another point in regard to pearl buttons is that already the competition of the 120 factories, and the ingenuity of the American inventor, is bringing down the price of the buttons, and in a very short time they will be cheap enough to satisfy the most radical un-American free trader.

Another fiction of the "pension fraud hunters" has been exploded. A great ado was made over the allegation that Allen G. Peck, a Rhode Island veteran, receives his pension on account of baldness. Mr. Peck comes to the front with the statement that his application was on the ground of serious physical disability, and that it is not his fault if the pension officers "picked out a remote circumstance" and falsely asserted that it was the basis of his claim. So falls another of the slanders on the ex-soldiers of the Union armies.

In an interview at Washington, Representative Catchings states that the sentiment of the people of the South on the currency question has changed very materially within the past few months, an observation which is corroborated by a number of authorities. The feeling in favor of the repeal of the bullion purchase clause of the Sherman silver act is growing rapidly, and there is no disposition in favor of adding a free silver rider to it.

Hoke Smith may return from the West with another name. The big chiefs out there may make an improvement in his cognomen.

SOME PRIMAL FACTS.

Editor Blade:—Is the law of Congress dead which specifies the fineness of our hard money, both gold and silver? If 412.5 grains of silver of nine-tenths fineness (according to law) is worth but 64 cents, how many grains must be in what we call a silver dollar to be worth 100 cents? This is the question among the yeomanry of the country. Column after column is written, week after week, and year after year, upon the finances, and yet no one defines clearly what is meant by fixing the value of a certain American coin (silver), specified by law as being of the value of 100 cents of 412.5 grains and nine-tenths fineness; and yet a continual howl is kept up about this particular piece of money being worth only 64 cents or 70 cents.—J. G., Quiet Hill, W. Va.

Editor Blade:—I would like to have explained in The Blade the cause of fluctuation in the value of gold and silver. Why is not a dollar in one worth just a dollar in the other? Where does the fluctuation begin at? Who has authority to raise the value of one above the other?—Reader, Cadmus, O.

We have no doubt there are a great many persons who fail to comprehend the point on which the two querists above have stumbled. Let us take Reader's queries, in order to elucidate the point. He asks, "Why is not a dollar of one metal (silver) worth just as much as a dollar of the other (gold)?" Let us in turn ask, what is it that gives a gold dollar its value? Is it the amount of gold in it, or the stamp of the government? If the latter, why would it not be just as easy and much cheaper to stamp the dollar out of copper, or lead, or zinc? Our questioners can both see that it is the gold that gives the value; the government stamp is a mere guarantee of the weight and fineness of the coin. It confers no value, for no law can give actual value.

The coinage laws of the United States provide for a gold dollar containing a certain weight of pure gold, and a silver dollar containing a certain weight of pure silver. The pure silver in the latter weighs sixteen times as much as the pure gold in the gold dollar. Why was this done? Because, when that law was passed, it took sixteen ounces of silver to buy as much as one ounce of gold would buy. That is, the ratio of 16 of silver to 1 of gold expressed the actual value of the two metals as bullion.

But in the course of years silver became relatively cheaper. We will not stop to discuss the reasons for this; no one can dispute the fact that it is so. Since the stoppage of free coinage by the mints of India, silver has dropped in value so that it has taken from 28 to 30 ounces of silver to buy as much as one of gold. That is, the actual ratio is 28 or 30 to 1, instead of 16 to 1, the coinage ratio.

Now it ought to be plain to any one that the amounts of pure metal in the silver dollar and the gold dollar ought to be in the same ratio as the actual values of the metals, as was the case when the ratio of 16 to 1 was established. As it is, the silver dollar is worth, as bullion, only about 56 to 58 cents. But why does a silver dollar buy as much as a gold dollar? Simply because the government, as The Blade has often explained in detail, practically redeems silver dollars in gold. You can get Treasury notes or greenbacks in exchange for silver dollars; and the government will give you gold for the Treasury notes or greenbacks. It is the fact that the government does this which makes the silver dollar buy as much as the gold dollar.

But suppose the gold in the Treasury is all drawn out in this way, and when you present Treasury notes or greenbacks, you are paid in silver dollars? What will happen then? Simply that no bank, no business man, no storekeeper, would then take a silver dollar for anything more than its bullion value. A silver dollar then would buy only 56 to 58 cents' worth. And this is the danger, and the only danger from free coinage. It was this state of things which caused India to stop free coinage. All business was deranged, because of the depreciation of the silver rupee.

Hence it will be seen that the law, as it stands, provides for two dollars—one of gold and one of silver—which it calls equal, but which are not. They were so when the law was framed, but they are not now. No law can create value; no law can keep coins from being valued at their bullion value, as they are the world over.

WOOL MEN'S MEETING.

The Blade is in receipt of a letter for Hon. William Lawrence, president of the Ohio Wool Growers' association, Bellefontaine, Ohio, regarding the great mass meeting of wool growers, wool dealers, cotton planters, farmers, and members of Grange organizations from all over the Union, to be held at the Assembly Hall of the World's Fair, at Chicago, on September 28 and 29 next.

This great meeting will be attended by representative men of the classes indicated above, and its numbers and power will have influence with the new Congress in legislation upon the tariff question. The free trade programme menaces the wool industry with destruction, and every man interested in it, directly or indirectly, should be on hand, to aid by his presence and counsel in the effort to avert this calamity. Judge Lawrence says:

Every county and township having sheep, should be represented. We are threatened with free wool. It will ruin the American wool industry. It will drive men engaged in producing wool, and raising sheep, into the production of wheat and other farm products, thus further depressing the existing low prices; it will destroy the demand now made by sheep, for pasture, hay, oats, and thus aid in reducing the prices of these products. If the farmers of the country will assert their power, they can prevent free wool. Cotton planters are invited to unite in demanding protective duties for both wool and cotton.

The imports of foreign cotton are injurious to the cotton planters of the United States.

The speck of war in Siam may possibly develop into a threatening cloud. The situation is this: France has for many years concerned herself with the affairs of Annam, which lies on the east of Siam, and in 1886 established a protectorate over it. A dispute has arisen over the boundary line between Annam and Siam. Several French naval vessels have anchored off Bangkok, Siam's capital, to enforce the claims of France, and the Siamese have sunk ships in the river Menam to prevent the French fleet from coming up. On the west of Siam lies Burmah, which is under English influence, and Great Britain is preparing to extend it over Siam also. Now comes France, endeavoring to do the same thing. Therefore a row between France and England over the matter is possible, though it really does not seem probable.

With a great flourish of trumpets, the Democratic press announces another pensioner who is alleged to be a fraud. This increases the discoveries of four months to four, but Hoke Smith has made as much noise over them as though they were 4,000. When one thinks of the long list of pensioners, it is a wonderfully small list of frauds that are being "purged" off the pension rolls.

RUSH THE JULY CLUBS.

The award of premiums for clubs raised in June will be found on the fifth page of this issue. During that month we received the largest number of new names ever received by any newspaper in the same time. The actual number of names entered on our books for June was 40,000. Let every one who wishes to try for a premium, or who wishes to aid The Blade, take hold and see if they can not do as well for us during July.

The figures achieved by the gainers of the premiums for the June clubs will be no criterion as to the numbers that will receive the premiums for July. While we expect as many clubs this month as we received during June, the numbers of subscribers in the largest ones will not be as high as those of June, as the ground has been gone over to a large extent. It is fair to presume that the largest July club will therefore not have over 60 per cent as many names as the largest June club, and the same proportion will hold good all the way down through the list. We state this fact so that club-raisers shall not feel discouraged.

Now, we ask that every subscriber to The Blade, who may be in possession of our July coupon, shall get to work on three-months' subscriptions, and see who send in the 33 largest clubs during July. Read the list of premiums, given in another column, and go to work to secure one of them. We are indebted to hundreds of our subscribers for small clubs, sent during June, ranging from one to a dozen names for three months, simply as a favor to the good old Blade; and we hope to have several more small clubs during July from our friends who are interested in circulating the Weekly Blade among their neighbors and friends.

We shall make an announcement a few weeks later to the 50,000 or 75,000 new subscribers to the Weekly Blade, which will, without doubt, make them glad they have given the paper a trial. Look out for it!

THE SHERMAN LAW.

As a matter of public interest, we give herewith the silver law of 1890, commonly known as the "Sherman law," which the extra session of Congress has been called to repeal:

Section 1. The secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month, at the market price thereof, not exceeding $1 for 371.25 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases of silver bullion Treasury notes of the United States, to be prepared by the secretary of the Treasury, in such form and of such denominations, not less than $1 nor more than $1,000, as he may prescribe, and a sum sufficient to carry into effect the provisions of this act is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Sec. 2. That the Treasury notes issued in accordance with the provisions of this act shall be redeemable on demand, in coin, at the Treasury of the United States or at the office of any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and when so redeemed may be reissued, but no greater or less amount of such notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver bullion, and the standard silver dollars coined therefrom, then held in the Treasury purchased by such notes; and such Treasury notes shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract, and shall be receivable for customs, taxes and all public dues, and when so received may be reissued; and such notes, when held by any national banking association, may be counted as a part of its lawful reserve. That upon the demand of the holder of any of the Treasury notes herein provided for the secretary of the Treasury shall, under such regulations as he may prescribe, redeem such notes in gold or silver coin, at his discretion, in either the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law.

Sec. 3. That the secretary of the Treasury shall each month coin 2,000,000 ounces of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act into standard silver dollars until the 1st day of July 1891, and after that time he shall coin of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act as much as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the Treasury notes herein provided for, and any gain or seigniorage arising from such coinage shall be accounted for and paid into the Treasury.

Sec. 4. That the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act shall be subject to the requirements of existing law and the regulations of the mint service governing the methods of determining the amount of pure silver contained, and the amount of charges or deductions, if any, to be made.

Sec. 5. That so much of the act of February 28, 1878, entitled "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and to restore its legal tender character," as requires the monthly purchase and coinage of the same into silver dollars of not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 worth of silver bullion, is hereby repealed.

(Section 6 transferred the balances standing on the Treasury books to the credit of national banks, for deposits to redeem their circulation, to the general fund of the Treasury, and section 7 declares the act shall take effect 30 days after its passage.)

The repeal of this law will not revive the provision of the Bland law, repealed by section 5, which required the coinage of not less than two million nor more than four million standard silver dollars every month. There is a section of the United States statutes which covers this, it specially declaring that the repeal of an act repealing any previous act or part of an act, shall not revive the latter.

TURBULENCE IN HAWAII.

Affairs in Honolulu are moving toward a crisis. The air is full of rumors of conspiracies and counter-revolutions, and the provisional government, which has had rather plain sailing for nearly the whole six months of its existence, is now alarmed at the growing turbulence of the heterogeneous elements which enter into the politics of Hawaii. Arrests have been made of three Englishmen accused of plotting a counter-revolution, and threats against the life of Claus Spreckles have been made. The situation is growing grave, and the inaction of the United States government is the chief factor in the plotting and counterplotting. Mr. Cleveland should promptly decide upon his course of action, in the interests of the Hawaiian people, if for no other reason.

The World's Fair is going to be an important factor in making money plenty and relieving this imaginary idea of closeness. Money has been saved up in hundreds of small places for months and the stream is running into Chicago. As that city is the financial distributing point for the West, it is only a question of a short time before the bulk of the money expended by Fair visitors gets back into the channels of trade and commerce. The Fair is helping matters very materially.

And now comes the announcement that the Blarney stone at the World' Fair is bogus, the real article remaining undisturbed at Blarney Castle. Thus are we humbugged.

LABOR UNION NOTES.

New York has fifteen unions of Brotherhood Carpenters.

Fall River kicks against discrimination in water rates.

Elizabeth unions may establish an employment bureau.

Houseboats cover 190,000 families on the Canton river.

An Elkhart (Ind.) band instrument factory shares profits.

International pressmen are discussing the nine hour day.

National real estate men will meet at St. Paul on August 21.

Fort Wayne (Ind.) street car hands get 15 cents an hour.

Bridgeport (Conn.) street car hands struck against sixteen hours a day.

Buffalo bakers won their demands, and union labels are fashionable.

Sweden intends to pension workingmen who have reached 60 years of age.

Toronto street car mechanical hands have been granted the Saturday half holiday.

The city of Lebanon, Ind., won a suit against a firm for selling flour to consumers.

In Aussig, Austria, a strike for free supply of coal by loaders, was won by the workers.

San Jose (Cal.) bricklayers get $3.50 for eight hours. They struck against $3 a day.

Reading, Va., has an organization of 4,000 hardware workers who will camp for four days in July.

At Boston the Central Union is considering a proposition that will give union men shoes at wholesale rates. Each man is to pay $1 a year for membership and his association with $1,000,000 is also talked of.

The closing of San Francisco dives has thrown the girl employes of these resorts on the labor market. The girls have formed a labor union, and philanthropists are interested in their future welfare.

The phonograph delivered an address of welcome by Governor Peck to the convention of Railway Telegraph Superintendents at Milwaukee. Edison is an honorary member of the society, and suggested the phonograph speech.

Washington is to have several lumber mills under the direction of an Eastern syndicate. One mill is to be kept busy sawing out material for the Nicaragua canal. Frederick Weyerhauser, the largest timber land owner in the world, is at the head of the syndicate.

A convention of labor delegates at Seattle, Wash., declared for state or city employment bureaus and in favor of government control of railroads, telegraph and telephones. There was also a strong demand for the impeachment of President Cleveland for failure to enforce the Geary law.

San Francisco bakers took a day off under the new law, which gives every man a weekly holiday. Their places were filled, and the journeymen sued the boss. The employers say they will allow only one day off in a month.

Detroit telephone girls decided to organize, but an interested party mailed them theater tickets for the night of the meeting, and the meeting could not be held. Later the girls were given an advance of from $2 to $5 a month.

Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville local freight conductors now get $3.15 a day; brakemen, $2.05; through freight conductors, $3.05. Work over twelve hours, heretofore uncompensated, will be paid at the rate of 25 cents per hour for conductors, and 18 cents for brakemen.

The proposed operation of street cars on Sunday has created in Toronto a discussion that equals the World's Fair turmoil in this country. Two newspapers print coupons to ascertain public s

Publishers' Desk.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This is an alloy of nickel and other metals, which it is very difficult to tell from real silver, as it has the same color, and is susceptible of a high polish. This alloy is "inferior in beauty only to silver itself," the encyclopedia says. The metal is too hard to stamp with a pattern, and hence this tableware is made in the smooth-tipped pattern; but it can easily be engraved.

This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only all the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. But there is such a saving on postage that it costs no more than the heavier stamped patterns of the German silver specons. When properly engraved with monogram or initial it would delude the elect lady.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

To the housewife who must watch her plated-ware carefully, who worries over servants' rough treatment, and who looks daily with anxiety to see if it is wearing off, to have "silver" that can be thrown into the sink or into the dish pans, washed with dishes or pots and kettles and polished with Sapollo or soap is to be relieved of a large load of anxiety and a lot of work.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
1-2 dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
1-2 dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen desert spoons or forks	2.00
1-2 dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers, which are based upon the price of 1,000 gross. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you. And we offer them at prices that will please you if you know what you want to pay for such a watch, and will please you still more if you will compare them with the exorbitant prices that are asked for watches of not half the intrinsic value. A Waltham or an Elgin watch is the same the world over.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select. These offers may not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly.

Below will be found descriptions and prices of a few Waltham and Elgin watches from the many styles made at these factories, which represent the greatest value for the money:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished, and the result is the most beautiful watch ever made. This watch is for people who wish to carry a "dim model" watch. We mean that it does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

Number 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years just like solid gold. Price, by registered mail, $12.

All watches offered are stem-winders and setters.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem winding and setting appartus, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25. In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Offer No. 7—Lady's Size.

SOLID SILVER WATCH—$9.50.

No. 7 is a lady's size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, stem wind and set, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open Face or Hunting Case, Waltham or Elgin works. Be sure to name your choice when you order. A $200 solid gold watch cannot be bought for $22, but the Weekly Blade offers a watch under the above number that has all the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. You have probably never seen a watch like this, and must therefore depend upon us for the description of the latest, handsomest and best watch made by the great American Waltham and Elgin national factories. Time and money have been expended in bringing this particular watch to perfection. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish a really first-class article. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and it is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equalled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9.—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. The Blade will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger," hunting case	$28 00
Open-face, ditto	27 25
Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10.—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD-ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial with Arabic figures. It is handsome and gives to the watch the appearance of a $200 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years wear. We have an option upon a few, and for a short time we will sell them for $20 in hunting case, and $19 in open face.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have at last arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold, upon the following terms. These chains are all guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear five years, if properly used:

No. 1—Mens' "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Mens' heavy "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Mens' stylish chain, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Mens' seamless gold-filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	4 00
No. 8—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price, $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. Christ Leaving the Praetorium.
4. Napoleon at Fontainebleau.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ Walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home From the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A HANDY ATLAS.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 380 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also, colored skeleton maps of of the continents showing all counties of the world; colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list," alphabetically arranged, of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth, in good style—not a paper cover; it retails for $1 per copy; but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." The book is worth twice the money, and fills a long-felt want—that of a good, correct atlas and reference book at a low price.

ABOUT THE SUN.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, July 10:—Seven large groups of solar spots were visible yesterday. The disturbance announced by the Democrat and Chronicle in the early part of last week as on the sun's edge and likely to be visible to the naked eye, is now near the sun's meridian. North of it another disturbance of great extent has developed. Both should be seen with the assistance of smoked glass. A third group between the meridian and the eastern limb may become a naked-eye object to-day, as spots have developed very rapidly.

Groups of great extent were appearing by rotation on Thursday, the day of the terrific tornado in Iowa, and the disturbance in the northern hemisphere, now on the meridian, was most active. On Thursday evening there was a remarkable display of the red light. The brightness produced a second sunset effect as in 1883, and the peculiar ray-like forms noted then were visible. The light fairly indicates the sun's condition; as we believe the rose color comes from the enormous eruptions of hydrogen in the vicinity of the sun spots or during the formation of spots. The rose color sets with the sun while the ordinary sunset tints along the horizon remain unchanged. The rose-colored light is not constant, but is seen at intervals, and always when solar disturbance is most violent. The reflection from this light is again seen in the east as in 1883. As yet but one part of the phenomena of 1883 has been noted, the rose-colored arch after sunset. The halo about the sun so conspicuous in 1883-4-5 has not been seen. It may appear before the present very pronounced maximum of solar spottedness is past.

Those who should like to see a very spotted sun should look at it now.

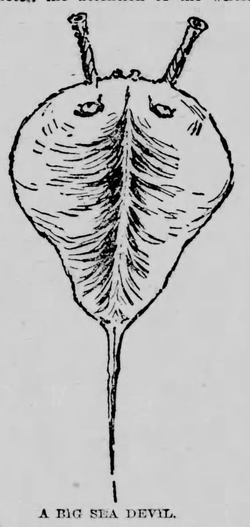
IS HE STRONG ENOUGH?

BIG SEA DEVILS.

A Southern Vampire With Horns Six Feet Long.

Mr. S. G. Worth, of the United States fish commission, relates the following incident which he had from a gentleman residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. His informant had followed the sea as captain of a vessel for forty-four years, and had observed many curious things during his long sea life.

"Some years ago, off the coast of Brazil," said the captain, "I saw a fish which was so remarkable that it attracted the attention of the whole



A BIG SEA DEVIL.

ship's company. The captain had been at the wheel, and when I came on deck he reported that a strange fish had been following the ship all the morning. I looked at the animal and found that it was shaped like a sting ray, thirty feet across the middle and with a tapering tail about forty feet long.

"The fish swam just under the water and occasionally stuck out two horns, a fathom each in length, and situated on the fore part of the head. I was sure that the eyes were in the ends of these horns. Two young ones accompanied the large fish, one swimming just on top of either fin, right and left.

"I directed the first officer to get out a harpoon which some sailor had given him and a coil of rope. Just then the fish swam alongside and up to the bow, when the officer harpooned it, and the crew of about sixteen men commenced hauling it in. They hauled too fast, however, and I could not stop them until they had brought the fish half way over the rail, when the weight tore the harpoon out and the monster escaped.

"I saw both of the young disappear when the hauling was begun. I think the weight of this fish must have been 800 pounds."

The first popular notice of the occurrence of this great ray on our shores was published by Catesby, and was based upon explorations in Carolinas. Dr. Mitchell also described a specimen which was captured at the mouth of the Delaware bay.

A graphic account of fishing for the sea devil is given in "Carolina Sports," by Hon. William Elliott. Mr. Elliott devotes nearly one hundred pages to his description of devil fishing, and has embodied in it much that is novel and exciting. He relates the following circumstance, which shows the enormous strength of this great ray:

"In one of the inlets of the coast of Georgia a trading vessel lay at anchor, and while her crew was on shore one of these fish seized the cable and dragged her off, anchor and all, to the consternation of the sailors, who pursued their retreating bark for some miles in their boat, and regained her when the devil fish had contrived, or seen fit, to disengage himself from his prize."

A TRAGEDY.

Once a noisy North wind passing,
Rushed into a peaceful place,
Robbed an orchard of its blossoms,
Rudely kissed a maiden's face;
Leaves fled frightened to the hedges;
Chimney swallows sought their nests;
Geese ran screaming from the puddles,
Chickens hid in feathered breasts.

Suddenly a honeysuckle,
Trembling on a bush near by,
Shaking now, because of terror,
Caught the noisy Northwind's eye.
"Why! oh why!" the North-wind murmured,
"Did I blow those blossoms down.
And, like bold and drunken brigands,
Come tornading through the town?"
Thus his gusts were spent in sighings;
Low he moaned among the trees;
Mild and milder grew his manners
As the softest summer breeze.

Timidly he shifted nearer;
Silently he stole among
Leaves and overbending branches,
Where the honeysuckle hung
All unconscious of his presence,
Heeding not his constant sighs,
Swaying idly, and coquetting
With the bold blue-bottle flies.

Suddenly, up in the sunlight,
Flashed an iridescent wing,
And a humming bird alighting,
Swung upon an ivy swing.
Saw he then the honeysuckle,
And he straightway to her flew;
And the flower, to his passion,
Gave herself as lovers do.

Then the North-wind rushed upon them,
Smote the bird upon its head,
Tossed it, beat it, crushed it, killed it,
And in savage whirlwinds fled.
All night long the honeysuckle
Bent above the bleeding bird;
And, on all the bushes 'round her,
Not a leaf or blossom stirred.
ARTHUR HENRY.

The Intercested Parties.

The hoop-skirt boom is but a scheme,
As every simpleton divines.
Promoted by the surface roads
Against the elevated lines. —Exchange.

AMERICANS AND STARCH.

A Duty of $10 a Pound Would be a Blessing.

There is a warm place in the hearts of his fellow-Americans for any statesman who shall secure the adoption of a permanent internal revenue tax of say $10 a pound on starch in all forms not edible, says a writer in Harper's Bazaar. A device of this sort has driven the Louisiana lottery out of business, and it is an open question whether starch as used in clothing—at least men's clothing—is not a more subtle, pervading and pernicious evil than lottery tickets.

From an aesthetic point of view it is, of course, a cardinal sin for which no penance is in this life adequate. From the moralist's point of view the offense is nearly as great, for the sum of wickedness superinduced by starched linen through the irritation of the nerves when the linen is stiff, and the utter loss of self-respect and self-control when the linen is "broken down" by the infernal heats of our inexcusable climate, is not easily calculated.

Add to this the proved hygienic ills due to clothing the human form, and especially the important organs of the thorax and sensitive nerves in the region of the neck, in fabrics that alternate between rigidity and pulpy humidity, and the inherent unworthiness of starch for the use of intelligent human beings is established. If ever there was a case of stern repression by a paternal government, this is one. If this sentiment seems a little heated, we admit that it is so, but we are prepared to sustain the argument against all comers, with statistics or by force and arms, at any time previous to the autumnal equinox.

DOCTORS AND RUM.

A Physician Endorses the Position of The Blade.

Rankin, Ill., July 10, 1893.—Editor Blade:—Allow me to commend most heartily your editorial of the 6th inst. on "The Doctors' Error in Regard to Rum." I have for a number of years been gradually coming to the conclusion that alcohol in medicine is doing more harm than good, until I have now ceased to prescribe it, and I find myself in such excellent company as that of the venerable Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, and many other eminent physicians. I am in full sympathy with your efforts to "pulverize the rum power." Yours respectfully,
J. R. LYTLE, M. D.

About Organized Labor.

Terence V. Powderly says: "We have in the ranks of organized labor less than 2,000,000 men and women. Let us say that the American Federation of Labor has 700,000, the Knights of Labor 500,000, the various railroad organizations 400,000, and where are the others anyway? There are the Farmers' Alliances with about 1,500,000, and remember I have given top figures when rating these organizations at the numbers given above. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire;' 'The land shall not be sold forever;' 'Thou shalt not take usury.' These three principles are now to the great mass of people to-day. Of the 22,000,000 workers who are beyond the pale of labor organizations, very few know that away back in the past a man arose from the people and spoke these three great principles in the labor platform of that day. They are in the darkness because they have been listening to the Christian ministers who did not preach what Christ taught."

Origin of Dew.

The origin of dew seems no more settled than ever it was. Herr Wollny has again tackled the subject and as the result of an apparently exhaustive series of experiments arrives at the conclusion that dew depends partly on evaporation from the ground and partly on "transpiration," or sweating out, of the moisture wheir it is found on vegetation. It is doubtful whether the moisture of the air in the shape of a precipitate of dampness, forms, as is popularly supposed, any large share of it or not. Its quantity depends markedly on the rapidity of radiation from the earth, and, where plants are concerned, on the number of stomata, or pores, on the surface of the leaves. Bodies of organic origin attract more moisture than those of mineral character, owing to hygrosophic absorption.

A Good Reason.

Patron—Will you please take this clock back and give me a Chinese clock instead?

Tradesman—Why do you prefer a Chinese clock?

Patron—ecause "the Chinese must go;" this won't.—Boston Courier.

Of the Nature of a Loan.

"Give me a kiss!" he pleaded,
In the tempting way of men;
"Why, yes, I will," she answered—"if—
You'll give it back again."

Mothers and Their Troubles.

It is a wonder that mothers accomplish as much as they do. It takes all their evenings to pull their children into bed, and all their mornings to drag them out.—Atchison Globe.

More Light on New York.

One or two shops on Fifth avenue have carried the imitation of English custom so far as to close the front door, admittance being had only on ringing a bell.—New York Sun.

Why Not?

The Mother—Now that you have been graduated, what do you intend to do?

The Sweet Girl Graduate—Look out for a husband, I guess.—N. Y. Press.

Dudeleigh—"You don't know what you are talking about when you call me a donkey." Miss Kitty Fresh—"Yes, I do. I used to own a donkey."—Brooklyn Life.

WILL DO FOR HOT WEATHER.

The Tampa (Fla.) Times tells of a tarpon caught at Sarasto weighing 192 pounds and "as tender as a chicken." It must have been tough to catch, though.

Street-car horses enough in New York to mount the entire British cavalry service. How many will there be in ten years?

Jerry Freels, of Ladonia, Mo., has a cow which, having lost her calf, has adopted a young pig, much to its advantage.

Here's a snake story in both senses of the phrase: Near Osceola, Mo., a snake was found—that is, it is said to have been found—in a hollow in the heart of an oak tree a foot and a half through.

And in the same state, at Alexandria, has been found a snake that eats English sparrows.

Horse bread is still made in some parts of Sweden, the Tyrol and Switzerland. When the driver reaches an inn, before indulging in a "ball" himself he buys for his horse a groad, flat cake or scone of oatmeal.

—Strong nerves, sweet sleep, good appetite, healthy digestion, and best of all, PURE BLOOD, are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOT WEATHER RHYMES.

Bring me your wishing cap. I'll put it on.
And wish myself that which I'd like to be.
Pray, let me think! Shall I be Will or John,
Or pretty little Sallie or Marie?

Or shall I be a great big monstrous whale,
The monarch of the ocean deep? Or, stay!
Would I not like to have a great long tail?
And as a monkey romp the livelong day?

Or shall I be a winged thing? A bird.
It seems to me, has just no end of fun,
That is, he does till in the forest's heard
The coming of the sportsman with his gun.

How all will miss me when I've changed about!
How through the streets my father dear will roam
In search of me; and how the boys will shout,
"Hi! have you heard how Tommy's gone from home?"

Dear me! I never thought! How I'll miss them!
Why, that's about as fearful as can be!
Dear Wishing Cap, if you don't mind—ahem!—
I think, upon the whole, I'll stay plain me.

—New Orleans Picayune.

A most eccentric man was he—
'Tis true beyond a doubt;
They locked him up in prison and
He never once got out.

—Washington Star.

I greatly dread th' electric car,
I do, indeed, upon my honor;
In crossing when you think it far,
It comes and you're almost a goner.

But there's a danger worse I meet,
With fear it sometimes turns me yellow;
That deadly danger of the street,
A woman carrying an umbrella.

—New York Press.

COMING TO THE FAIR.

Chicago's Next Distinguished Guest Will be Lord Mayor of London.

Chicago is soon to have another very distinguished guest in the person of Hon. Stuart Knill, lord mayor of London. Commissioner Harris, who is now on his way back to England, takes with him the invitation

THE LORD MAYOR.

of the World's Columbian Exposition to his honor, who will undoubtedly accept. While in Chicago the lord mayor will be the guest of President Higginbotham.

The position which the lord mayor holds is the highest municipal office in the world. Lord mayor's day is an occasion only second in magnificence and display to a coronation, and creates quite as much enthusiasm in London as a Presidential inauguration does in this country.

The election of Lord Mayor Knill attracted unusual attention on account of his religion. He is a Catholic and on this account opposition developed against him in certain quarters. The leading citizens of London, however, showed their disapproval of this intolerant spirit. When Baron Herschell, the lord chancellor, received the lord mayor-elect, according to custom, he took occasion to observe that the times had passed when it was impossible for a Catholic to hold office without paltering with his religious convictions.

One important result of the lord mayor's visit will probably be an increase of interest in the fair in England, where the feeling has been somewhat apathetic.

STRENGTH OF EUROPEAN POWERS.

Striking Progress Made by Their Navies in 1892.

According to a report presented by the admiralty department to the delegations, striking progress was made by the navies of the great European powers during the year 1892. There was an almost feverish activity in building, which strained the resources of various state arsenals as well as of numerous private firms. In this connection the first place is occupied by Great Britain, whose fleet was in the course of that year increased by the addition of twenty-one ships, representing 141,000 tons displacement, which is more than that of the whole Australian navy. Most of the other great powers made comparatively notable efforts to emulate England in the endeavor to increase their naval strength, Russia in particular having made a relatively important addition to her fleet.

The war vessels launched in the course of the year were exclusively armored ships of the line with a displacement reaching 14,000 tons, as against a displacement of from 10,000 to 20,000 tons in those which have been laid down in their place. The armor for the most part consisted of steel or compound plates, and in a few cases of nickel steel containing from 3 to 6 per cent of nickel. In the matter of machinery the use of these screws in some of the larger vessels is worthy of note. The experiments with petroleum as a fuel led to no satisfactory results. Owing to the increased strength of modern armor there was a strong inclination to lessen the caliber of heavy artillery, so that instead of the 100 and 110 ton guns of former years, with a caliber of 45 centimeters, the new guns were at the outside not more than sixty-eight tons in weight, with a caliber of 34 centimeters. This reduction of caliber, in view of the recent improvement in ships' armor, was considered by many to have been introduced at too early a date. There was a great increase in the number of quick-firing guns of medium caliber up to 16 centimeters. The various smokeless powders had only been used with guns of small and medium caliber, although their general application was considered to be only a question of time. The Whitehead torpedo and that known as the Schwarzkopf, which is a modification of the former, are the only ones yet adopted for offensive operations. The results of the numerous experiments with submarine boats were not so encouraging as to render that form of vessel a serious factor. The additions to the Austrian imperial fleet in 1892 were confined to two torpedo boats and a Danube monitor.

LICENSE IN SIOUX CITY.

The Lesson of Experience in an Iowa City.

Sioux City furnishes an excellent illustration of the way in which high license keeps down the number of saloons, says the Chicago Tribune. A year ago when the authorities decided to defy the state prohibitory law and grant saloon licenses 100 places started up, each of them paying a license fee of $600 a year. It was not long before it became apparent that there was not business enough for so many whisky shops with so heavy a fee. So they began to drop out one by one. The number has been falling off decidedly during the last six months, and it is believed that not more than sixty-five licenses will be taken out this month. Were the fee advanced to a thousand dollars a year several more would drop out, but the city would get more revenue and not less. Were the license fee only $50 a year the one hundred original saloons fould have survived and probably more would have been started. Were an attempt to be made to enforce the prohibitory law the city would get no revenue, but it would be filled with places where liquor was sold in violation of law, and more would be consumed than at present.

SHORT TALKS ON WOOL

OPINION OF J. H. BRIGHAM, OF DELTA.

Low Price is Due to Democracy and the Remedy Lies in Ousting Them From Power.

(Some days since The Blade addressed letters to a number of prominent Ohio wool-growers, asking them to answer the following questions:

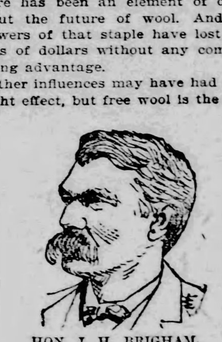
1—To what do you attribute the present low price of wool?

2—What in your estimation would be necessary to again place the wool industry on a profitable footing?

The first of the answers from Hon. J. H. Brigham, of Delta, is as follows:

Editor Blade:—In answer to your first question, "To what do you attribute the present low price of wool?" I will say that the principal cause is the attitude of the present administration. It has been and is the policy of the leaders of the party now in power to remove all protection from wool. Ever since the announcement of this policy there has been an element of doubt about the future of wool. And the growers of that staple have lost millions of dollars without any compensating advantage.

Other influences may have had some slight effect, but free wool is the chief



HON. J. H. BRIGHAM.

cause. Manufacturers and buyers have already discovered the result to follow the removal of the duty. The wool growers of America will have reason to remember for many years the debt which they owe the party in power. And I predict that there are few among them who are not so idiotic that they will fail to pay a liberal installment with interest when the opportunity offers.

In nswer to your second question, "What, in your estimation, would be necessary to again place the wool growing industry on a profitable footing?" I think the overwhelming defeat and permanent retirement from public life of every man who refuses the same measure of protection to the producers of wool that is given to cloth and other products of labor, will have an effect. I think it will be some years before any political shyster will again attempt to convince wool growers that free wool means better prices.

Of course, all wool growers should have had sense enough to know that such talk was only intended to fool the "honest farmer," but some of them did not. Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. I think the lesson has been learned by heart, and the first recitation will be heard in November, 1893.

J. H. BRIGHAM.

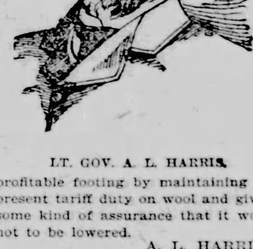
Delta, O., June 28, '93.

OPINION OF LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR A. L. HARRIS.

People Have No Confidence in the Present Congress—Present Duty Should be Maintained.

Editor Blade:—I attribute the present low price of wool to the belief on the part of wool buyers and consumers that the present Congress will place it on the free list.

I believe that the wool industry of this country could be placed on a



LT. GOV. A. L. HARRIS.

profitable footing by maintaining our present tariff duty on wool and giving some kind of assurance that it would not to be lowered.

A. L. HARRIS.

Eaton, July 1, 1893.

Abbey's 'Search for the Holy Grail.'

Abbey's picture of the "Search for the Holy Grail," to be placed in the Boston public library, shows King Arthur beneath a canopy decorated by a great dragon and supported by a host of knights about a table who are holding up the crosses of their swords. Sir Galahad is being led to the enchanted throne by a veiled figure. He is clad in red and a winged figure is unveiling the throne as he approaches. In the upper portion is a crowd of angels with richly gilded halos.

The Best Cosmetic.

Claire—"What a lovely complexion Hattie has."

Susan—"Yes; she must use some face wash or other."

Claire—"She does. I'm sure."

Susan—"I knew it. I wonder where she gets it?"

Claire—"Out of the hydrant."—Detroit Free Press.

Truth Not to be Spoken at All Times

Carrie—"My mamma doesn't like dogs."

Playmate—"Then how is it your father has so many?"

Carrie—"Because mamma doesn't like them."—Judge.

Or a Run From It?

Physician to Bank President—Your habits are too sedentary. You should take more exercise.

Patient—How would a run on the bank do?—Buffalo Enquirer.

Assist Nature. Assist nature. That is more and more not only the belief, but the practice of the best physicians. But what does that mean? How can we assist nature?

The simplest and most efficient way is to remove any causes that hinder her operation. Of these causes, one of the most common is the clogging of the organs which carry off the waste of the system, viz., the skin, the kidneys and the bowels. No one who has not made special examination, has any idea how great an amount of waste, impure matter is eliminated from the system every day by these means. To stop this in any way means the retention of that foul matter, and is sure to result in disease, because nature cannot do her normal work.

Brandreth's Pills

are a sure specific for such cases. They purge the system, purify the blood, leave nature free and thus, in the best and truest way, assist nature.

Free Trade Means Dull Trade

7-in. Steel Shears and this Knife, $1. Post-paid, warranted. Cut is exact size; price is less than ladies equal any $2 scissors you can procure while it lasts; 5 for $5, post-paid. Lady's Blade, pearl, $1.; Gents' fine 3-blade $1.00. Colored Stag Knife, 3 blade, $1.00; Barber's keen edge ground razor, $1.25.

Best Strop ever made, 50c. Send for Free List.

MAHER & GROSH, 632 Adams Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Don't Steal It . . .

YOU'VE LOST MANY A WHIP.
YOU'VE HAD THEM STOLEN
ALMOST BEFORE YOUR EYES.

You've had to carry them with you to protect yourself from the whip pirates who so fully have taken possession of almost every locality.

Well, Rejoice and be Glad!

We have solved the problem by offering you, at a price within easy reach of all, the celebrated

CANE WHIP

Price . . . $1.69 POSTPAID BY MAIL.

Most Wonderful and Useful Invention of the age. A Cane, a Buggy Whip and Riding Whip all in one.

FULL LENGTH 6 FEET.

Cheaper Than a Whalebone Whip, Ten Times as Durable and Convenient.

The prime object of the Cane Whip is to provide a whip that may be adjusted and used as a cane, thereby enabling one to possess a good whip without danger of being stolen. The desirability of such a provision is manifest to everyone using a whip.

Further, it is known, every whip will wear out at the tip first, while the remainder of the whip may be quite good. This failing is obviated in our Cane Whip from the fact that all our tips are interchangeable. Tips may be bought at a small cost and used on the cane section of any whip. Extra tips furnished at 35 cents each.

Every other whip will sag or warp in use, even the best full bone whip.

The Patent Steel Cane Whip Never Sags or Warps.

This is evident from its construction. The cane section is composed of a flexible, elastic steel tube, spiral in form, of such manner that any degree of flexibility is obtained, both from the distance of edges of steel in spiral apart, and thickness of the steel of which it is made.

Price, $1.69, Postpaid to any P. O. in the U. S.
Or the WEEKLY BLADE for one year and the Whip, Both for ..... $2.00.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

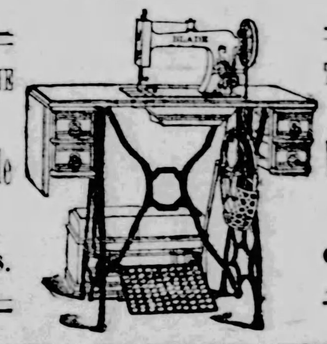
When used as a cane. Are riding whip. Complete as a BUGGY WHIP. 6 feet long.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM, PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.



THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . DOES PERFECT WORK.

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering And A full set of Goodrich's attachments is polished and goes with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.50 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders prom

The Household

Miss Emily S. Bouton, Editor.

HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING.

"IF A DEAR VOICE."

If a dear voice which was to us most dear,
And failed and faltered but the other day,
From the far heavenly place, alert and clear,
Could reach us where we sit and long to hear,
I think that this is what the voice would say:

"Why stand ye idly looking to the skies,
Or bending o'er the hiding earth in vain,
With voices mute, and wan and tearful eyes?
Life stronger is than death. Beloved, rise,
And share the hope which saints do not disdain!

"I in full sunshine, you in darkest shade,
May share the same great gladness if we will,
For joy and grief and heaven and earth are made
Equal and one to those who, unafraid,
Hold up their hearts like cups for God to fill.

"Into my cup He poured, like bright, swift rain,
The draught which men call 'death,' and name with fear;
And your He filled with bitter loss and pain.
What matter? God's gift never is in vain.
Let us then drink the draught—you there, I here—

"And smile, secure that each has what is best,
Be glad for me, as I am glad for you!
Work out your day like men, endure the test!
The hours will not be long till in the West
The reddening sun shall risk, and work be through."

If a dear voice which was to many dear,
And failed and faltered but the other day,
Could reach us where we sit and long to hear,
And bless us, as it blessed for many a year,
I think that this is what the voice would say.

—Susan Coolidge in S. S. Times.

HOME TALKS.

EXPERIENCES OF A JOURNEY TO THE GREAT WHITE CITY.

How Things Looked to a Group of Three—A Few Observations About Things in General.

Sophonisba and her sister, who is also my sister and who, in this true narrative, I shall call She for short, went with me, or, which might be more proper to say, I went with them to the Fair. I use the term "Fair" without any adjectives, because there never was before in my belief anything that approached it in size and magnificence, and therefore it stands unique among all other fairs. Perhaps in fabled Atlantis there may have been something as complete and as beautiful, but the records having disappeared, that can be only supposition. I said something about the possibility to Sophonisba, but the look of scorn in her eye made me hasten to add that I did not believe the Atlanteans could have held a candle to the Chicagoans anyway, and of course they never got up anything so breathlessly grand and absorbing.

Chicago is a big city, with a capital B. That remark is not especially original, but in the present instance I utter it feelingly, without caring a rush whether anybody has ever said it before or not. And I will tell you why I say it later on.

It was a glorious June day when we started thither, one of those mornings when Nature's greenery below and her cerulean above seemed never more beautiful. The air was absolutely intoxicating, and as we rolled along toward the White City of our dreams, a sense of sweet content stole gently over our spirits and carking cares looked far away.

High noon had passed by some two or three hours when the train arrived at Grand Crossing, where we had been told it was advisable to land ourselves and our luggage. I use that last word advisedly as applied to what people usually carry with them when traveling, because, no matter how careful one may be, there is always a necessary something to "lug" through the pushing, scrambling crowd, which renders life for the time being a weary burden. Sophonisba objects to the word because it is so English. She says that a people whose ancestors caused so much good tea to be thrown overboard into the great ocean, where it could not possibly be brewed, do not deserve to be patterned after, but I tell her they have no patent on the word, and "lugging" best describes the carrying of a traveling outfit, when to engineer even a hand-satchel and umbrella through the crowd requires a patience and dexterity which are exhausting.

Grand Crossing appears to have been born of necessity, and not made to order. The little old building ycleept depot might have been a part of the ark stranded in a network of rails—of course, I know that is an outrageous anachronism, but I shall use it, nevertheless—right in that place, and the Lake Shore people put it to use. It is three miles from the Ferris wheel—I use that as the measuring point because it was the most prominent thing in sight—and about ten miles from "down town."

We landed in a most beatific state of mind, for the White City gleamed in the bright sunshine in the far distance. Its shining domes and pointed minarets, its white tracery of mythological figures capping the great buildings made a pretty picture in the sunlit air, and we looked and looked again in joyous anticipation of what that glorious city held for us of pleasure. In glad content we clambered into a waiting vehicle, with the expectancy that the horses, drooping as they appeared, would quickly arouse and whirl us away to the palace of our desires.

I have often noticed that the higher people fly in their imagination, the more decided the thump with which they are brought down to earth. There were other passengers in that stage besides ourselves who were going to a lodging house with the taking title of Hotel Fraternity. It may have been the sweet suggestion of the name which led the guide to think that the point for which first to aim, but we rode on in blissful unconsciousness of what tribulation was stored away for us in the next few hours. We traveled over weary miles in what they said was Chicago, and that is why I called it a big city with a capital B. The sun blazed down and the sand rose up. Still we journeyed on. Over railroad tracks, anon descending into gullies; winding around ditches, climbing over sand heaps, the weary horses dragged us forward, an anxious, hungry, perspiring, but good-natured crowd, strong in the faith that the end would come sometime.

At last the white walls of a haven of rest gleamed upon the shore of Lake Michigan, and our fellow travelers were soon lost to our sight in the house with the brotherly name. Whether they long survived that ride, no word has come to tell us. After our parting, the minutes merged into hours, the hours into days, and months and years, while we still ploughed our weary way through the sand. So at least it seemed then, and seems so still in memory, though we were told when we finally reached our destination that it was yet June of 1893.

I have given this true history as a warning to those who are going into these unknown regions to learn first the best and quickest way to reach their to-be-abiding place, and never to trust to horses and men when steam is at your service. And I want to record my conviction right here, while I think of it, that he or she is a wise man or woman who seeks that "abiding place" within walking distance of the Fair grounds, not to be compelled to depend upon any means of carriage thither save one's own pedal extremities. I have tried both ways, and I know whereof I write. This is one of the crumbs of wisdom which Sophonisba says I am fond of dropping about the Fair.

When we entered the grounds next morning, another world than we usually lived in seemed to have shut that one away, and the feeling grew as the day wore on. I think everybody feels this to a degree, a sense of unreality when looking around upon these stately buildings, so architecturally harmonious and beautiful, and as if centuries must have elapsed since the laying of their foundations. At first one does not care much about entering into any of them. It is enough to stand in the Grand Court and gaze around, then to walk or ride to other points and gaze while the wonder grows at what human ingenuity and skill, using foresight and energy, have accomplished.

And here, perhaps, is as good a place as any to put in another crumb of advice which may be taken or not as the reader chooses. Before beginning to look at any of the exhibits, get into one of the launches, or gondolas, and make the entire round of the lagoons and branches. The trip, taking 40 minutes, costs 50 cents, and gives a splendid inside view of the buildings and enclosure from various points of vantage. Then take a ride upon the Intra Mural road for ten cents, to get the outside view. Finally enter the elevator of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, and go to the top, obtaining thus a birds-eye look at the whole wonderful place. Or you can get this by going around upon the Ferris Wheel, as I did, the first costing 25 cents, the latter 50 cents, and either well worth the money. After these three trips, one has a fair outside idea of the place, and is prepared to enter into the palaces and try to get some comprehension of their contents.

I do not propose to give any elaborate descriptions of what is to be seen there, for those can be found in abundance elsewhere, but only to tell how some things seemed to She, Sophonisba and I, as we wandered from place to place during the sunny days of our stay, and perhaps to moralize a little now and then, as possibly I am too apt to do.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

About the Coming Summer Vacation.

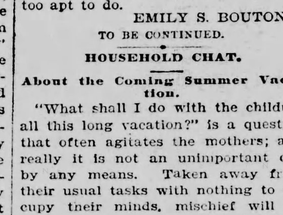
"What shall I do with the children all this long vacation?" is a question that often agitates the mothers; and really it is not an unimportant one by any means. Taken away from their usual tasks with nothing to occupy their minds, mischief will be sure to come to the surface, and it is astonishing how much they will find to do. At first this is not so patent because the novelty of being out of school and the liberty of accomplishing things which they have desired to do will keep them out of mother's way; but by and by as with older people, these pleasures pall upon them by their sameness and they are looking around to see what that is new and exciting may be done. Then is the hour of tribulation. If the mother is a woman of ingenuity she will have ready certain things for the little folks to accomplish that will combine both work and pleasure. A very good suggestion that I saw made was the forming of what was called a "Do Good" club, by which they were set at work at something to help others who need assistance. This is what will challenge the mother's ingenuity. They may be called upon to do repairing upon articles that are to be given to poor people to whom they will come in the nature of a Godsend. They may be employed in going to the woods and gathering flowers to take to sick children or to invalids who are denied the time and effort necessary to procure them. In fact there are any number of things which little folks may be made to do in which they will find both pleasure and profit, besides developing a habit of helping others. Another very good idea is to make these children feel that they are helping mother to have a vacation also. Teach them to do things around the house and then later go with them to the woods or upon a picnic somewhere, letting them feel that they are giving as much pleasure as they are taking. Vacation time will then be something more than a season of weariness to mother, and will teach many good lessons to the children quite as important as they will learn when school begins again.

DAINTY HANDIWORK

For the Nimble and Skillful Fingers of the Household.

A Handsome Screen.

The frame may be made by any good carpenter and then painted at home. It can be ebonized, gilded or made pure white depending upon the furnishing of the room where it is to be placed. The centre part is to seem like the frame of a picture, which, indeed, it is. If the home-worker can paint it will be very easy to fill this in. As represented two little children are at prayer and an angel stands



back, but any other design can be used. The painting or embroidery—for the design may also be done with the needle, and wonderful effects produced—should be done on cloth or soft kid.

The side leaves of the screen must be entirely different. The background should be a different color and material, and the pattern embroidered a conventional one. It should be worked heavily in silks. The fine effect of this screen depends upon having the center a picture with figures or a landscape, and the two side leaves in marked contrast. While the center may be either painted or embroidered, the sides must be done with the needle.

Lace Painting.

Very beautiful trimming may be made with lace painted, or if one has the patience, lovely lace portieres which are extremely effective and which will look like something far more expensive may be done. The process is quite simple and was thus described in the Home Journal some time ago.

The lace should be chosen with special care, as a bold and striking design is necessary in order that the paint may have a good foundation. Plate Valenciennes, Nottingham, Spanish and Fedora laces all take paint very well, and when the coloring is artistically done their inferior quality can not be detected.

Any art store will furnish the other requisites. The brushes necessary are a large hog's-hair brush for the large flowers, a smaller one for the small flowers and one of camel's hair for the veining and tracing; besides these a china palette with divisions, or shallow saucers to hold the water-colors, are the only things needful. Water-colors are chosen for this work because they are always more pleasing and satisfactory for delicate materials and, when mixed with Chinese white to give them body, are used exactly as we use oils. If any difficulty is found in making the paints go on smoothly, it needs only to be diluted with gum-water, made by dissolving one-half ounce of gum-arabic in a pint of tepid water. This serves also to keep the colors from spreading.

With these materials at hand you begin by stretching the lace over a board previously covered with three or four thicknesses of soft cloth; care should be taken to fasten the lace firmly, so that it will present an even surface. Then moisten the brush with the paint, rubbing it round and round over the design; pay particular attention to the general effect, and but little to light and shade, massing of color and the other niceties of the art of painting. When the work is finished, leave it in the sun to dry, unless time is an object, in which case a fine piece of cloth laid over the lace, and pressed with a hot iron, gives nearly as satisfactory a result. With the drying of the paint, we have learned all the secrets of lace painting, which, after all, requires, as has already been said, little manual skill, though some taste is to be exercised, principally in the matter of coloring.

If we are guided by the tinting of the natural blossoms, we are not likely to err, and pretty lace effects can be made from purple and gold, silver and blue, etc. One should always bear in mind that lace is of an airy, flimsy texture, and, to harmonize with it, there should be no gaudy coloring, no brightly-hued flowers suggestive of heaviness, but rather the faint, delicate tints that accentuate the daintiness of the lace. Nottingham pillow-shams and spreads have been made to bloom with beauty when the flower designs were tinted with water-colors, and the same may be said of ball dresses, window-curtains, toilet sets, tidies, lamp-shades and the one hundred and one things whose chief beauty is borrowed from the use of lace.

A very pretty toilet scarf is made of three lengths of yellow ribbon and two of plate Valenciennes insertion, sewed together after the daisy pattern of the insertion has been painted with chrome-yellow for the petals, vandyke-brown for the centers and olive-green for leaves and stems. For a finish, edging of the same pattern, decorated in a similar manner, will give ample practice in the art of lace-painting.

More Initials.

The beautiful initials published a short time since has aroused a desire for more, and hence two are given here which I hope will be just as welcome.

The first is a B outlined with a

heavy bar, embroidered in fine cotton, linen or silk. The latter is decorated with a pattern of forget-me-nots, which may be worked in the natural color, but would be far more durable in white. Heavy knots fill in the spaces above and below the flowers.

The second is a C, and is worked in the same way. These are very

beautiful letters, being both plain to the eye, and also exceedingly ornamental.

Three-Cornered Pincushion.

This pretty little toilet adjunct is made three-cornered and of gold and white striped silk. Stuff it with hair so that it will have a round, full look and yet not be solid or heavy. Out-

line the edge by a frill of lace with deep points, and above as a heading put on a loop design of gold braid. Full loops of white ribbon make a handsome finish for the corners. Let long ends come from each loop, and tie in the center for the cushion to swing from. Work out the year in the center with white headed pins. This makes a pretty little gift.

FROM HOUSEHOLD READERS.

What They Think on Various Subjects.

He Does Not Believe in Whipping.

In answer to your question, "Which Shall it Be?" I would say, the rod can be banished from the household. Before you were born Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, commenced a war on whipping in the United States army and navy. He was finally victorious, but it was a long struggle; it was predicted that subordination in the army would end as soon as his bill became a law, yet it did not end; when the rod was banished there was better order in the army, and its efficiency improved from that day to this. It was found that loss of liberty was the most potent means of correcting the incorrigible. In the school and in the family loss of liberty will have the desired effect.

In the absence of a guard house, or when there can be no fear of the reform school, as a matter of convenience the whip may be used in the family, but it is not absolutely necessary. If confinement is impossible, the parent may be justified in the use of the rod.

Again, on the other side, it may be said truthfully, that sentiment is wanting when the whip is used; if a child is thoroughly taught the necessity of obedience, it is not necessary to whip him to secure obedience.—Jonathan Hunt.

A Merry-Go-Round-er Speaks.

Don't think we depreciate your kindness in letting us have a corner for "our very own," although I must say it looks very much that way. We all enjoy the "Merry-go-round," I know; I do. I'll just tell you what the trouble is; we all want some one else to do the contributing and let us do the reading. Don't you think so? Girls, for pity's sake let us not allow our "Merry Go Round" stop going round for one while again! It's a shame! After the editor has been so good to us. Can't we give our discussions a little wider range than just our favorite heroines? That's a very good topic, but we need variety, now, don't we? I think an exchange of ideas concerning our favorite poets, our pets, the ideal young woman as she exists in our imagination, the model young man, or novel ideas for summer parties would be interesting.

Bryant is my favorite poet, I think. I do so love his "Thanatopsis." Oh, isn't it grand? And, just think, he was only 19 when he wrote it. Where is the boy now who could begin to compare with our beloved Bryant? And then there's Longfellow and Tennyson, and Whittier, and Whitcomb Riley, I love them all; and Browning. Isn't he—well, I guess I mean mystical.

And, girls, isn't it queer—there, "Little Blue Bell" is getting tired, for she looks cross, and I must stop, or I fear my MSS. will be tossed in the waste basket. Let us make our "Merry Go Round" just "hum" from now on. Shall we?—Water Lily.

It was the intention of the editor to have a variety of subjects discussed by the "Merry-Go-Rounds" and she will be glad to hear from them on any of the above named subjects, or upon anything of general interest to girls. —Ed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What They Know and What They Wish to Know.

I wish to obtain information in regard to bookkeeping for a lady. Is there a reasonable living in it? What different establishments need such work? I would prefer a bank, or publishing house to a dry goods store. Would it be advisable for one who has been turning their attention to housekeeping for several years to undertake such a work? What are the hours for beginning and closing work each day? Which would be the more advisable to undertake bookkeeping or teaching in the public schools? I once taught, but I have been out of the work for 12 years, hence am far behind the requirements of the teachers of the present day. I desire to engage in a work out of which I may obtain a reasonable living. I am often doubtful about undertaking bookkeeping, yet I know there is much unpleasantness connected with a teacher's life. I feel that I can not afford at the present day to make a mistake in my choice of a work. Does it require a brighter i. e., quicker mind, for a bookkeeper than a teacher?—A Blade Reader.

1. A bookkeeper is needed in any kind of a business house where enough work is done to warrant the expense, otherwise the proprietor keeps his own books. If you have a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping and can obtain a situation you could probably do as well as you could by teaching. The salary paid for such work varies according to the nature of the business and the amount of responsibility connected with it; the hours also vary, each establishment making their own rules for such matters. You will probably find "some unpleasantness" connected with any kind of work you may undertake, but if you expect to earn your own living you will doubtless be prepared to accept it.—Ed.

Inquiries.

I. I wish to ask advice either of Mary or Jean Hunt. I have a dress of very light tan serge also two and three-fourths yards of feather trimming three inches wide. Would like to make up the serge with brown silk or velvet. How can I do so and use the feather trimming on the skirt? 2. I have seal brown flannel for a dress and some astrachan cloth trimming to match that did service on a cloak. There are three and one-half yards of astrachan, one and one-half inches wide, besides deep cuffs and pocket flaps and collar. How shall I make the dress and use this trimming? I am of medium height and rather fleshy.—Mrs. A. F. M.

Can some one tell me where to get a selection suitable to speak at a musicale? I would like a burlesque on music, or some comic selection.—Topsy.

In regard to the burlap rugs I will give more explicit directions. The rugs were made of common burlap sacks dyed with diamond dyes. They were then worked in common cross stitch with either colored yarns or ravelings of burlap, dyed. The design only was worked just as the old fashioned Java canvas was worked. Any kind of worsted can be used to work with. One can often get light-colored zephyr or other yarns that are soiled or faded very cheap, and they can be dyed the desired shade with diamond dyes. Old hose, mittens, hoods and the like can be ravelled up, tied into skeins and dyed. Some of the rugs were made by folding out both edges of three inch stripe of burlap and doubling these strips to form double fringe and sew on to heavy lining in rows. These make nice door mats for the per h. Nice mats are made by dyeing sheep pelts with bright colored diamond dyes.—Jean Hunt.

SUMMER DINNERS

And Breakfasts and Suppers.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Boiled rice. Sugar and cream.
Stewed potatoes. Broiled steak.
Rolls. Coffee.

DINNER.
Cream of Lima bean soup.
Lamb roast. Mint sauce.
New Potatoes. Peas. Stewed tomatoes.
Lettuce salad. French dressing.
Cheese biscuits.
Apple tart. Watermelon.
Coffee—Tea.

SUPPER.
Cold roast lamb. Cress.
Milk biscuit.
Stewed fruit. Gingerbread.
Iced tea.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup.

Put 1 qt. of young lima beans in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and cook gently for 1-2 hr. Drain, and press through a colander and add to 1 pt. of veal, or any other good stock. Put 1 pt. of milk in a double boiler; when it boils, stir in 1 tablespoonful of butter and 2 tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth; stir constantly till it thickens, then add the stock, salt and pepper to taste. Let it all boil up once, then add the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Serve at once.

Mint Sauce.

Wash, and chop very fine 10 stalks of mint; mix with it 1 tablespoonful of white sugar; 1-2 teaspoonful salt and a dash of black pepper. Rub well together and add, a little at a time, 4 tablespoonfuls of vinegar. If the vinegar is very sharp, a little more sugar may be used.

Apple Tart.

Pare, quarter and core any kind of sour apples. Line a pie tin with rich paste and put in a layer of the apples, sprinkle with 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, or allspice if preferred. Cut 1 tablespoonful of butter in small bits, put over the top of the apples, add 2 tablespoonfuls of water and bake till the apples are tender. Serve with sugar and cream. Peach or cherry tarts may be made in the same way by omitting the cinnamon and varying the amount of sugar. Peaches should be cut in halves, and the pits should be removed from the cherries.

Soft Ginger Bread.

One cupful N. O. molasses; 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful of butter; 1-2 teaspoonful of salt; 1-2 teaspoonful of ginger; 1-2 cupful of cold water; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the water, and 2 1-2 cupfuls of flour.

Summer Mince Pie.

One and one-half cupfuls sugar; 1 1-2 cupfuls molasses; 1 1-2 cupfuls chopped raisins; 1 cupful vinegar; 1-2 cupful of butter; 2 eggs; 1 1-2 cupfuls rolled cracker crumbs; 1 teaspoonful each of spices; 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, and 1 coupful cold water. Mix thoroughly and bake with two crusts. This quantity will make three pies on medium-sized tins.

A BABY'S FEET AND HANDS.

A baby's feet, like sea shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest hands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Mrs. Magnusson, the vice-president for Iceland of the World's W. C. T. U., has founded a girls' school in Iceland. It is the only one among 70,000 inhabitants.

OF THREE NEW BOOKS

BY POPULAR AUTHORS UPON POPULAR SUBJECTS.

One is by Helen Gardener; the Second by Haryot Holt Cahoon, and the Third by "Samantha."

Another book by Helen Gardener!

That is the word which comes to us from the publishing house of Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, with the further tidings that it will be about the middle of this month when the stranger will make its greeting to an expectant public. Yet it will not be a perfect stranger either, since a part of the matter is to be made up of the speeches with which this bonnie little woman held the multitudes enchanted at the International Congress of Representative Women that took place in Chicago during May last. At this Congress, as everybody knows, were gathered the most brilliant women of the age from all over the civilized world. It was an occasion long to be remembered, and it makes every nerve thrill at the thought of what possibilities it unfolded for the future. It was as pregnant with change and growth for men as for their mothers, wives and sisters, although they, probably, scarcely recognize the fact. Life can never be quite the same again to those who came together there and heard what women have been thinking of during these years that have passed. And not only they whose names have been for years identified with questions of reform and progress, but those who were little known, but who had been aroused to the white heat of enthusiasm through brooding over humanity's needs that must be answered by some more potent influence than has yet been brought to bear.

Among those who spoke there none attracted more attention, and aroused more interest in both women and men than Helen Gardener. That she was a clear and logical thinker was well known; that she had the mastery of strong, pure English her books had shown; that she would not speak unless she had something to say was certain; that she would talk fearlessly and to the point none who had read her books could doubt. The result was that whenever she was announced to speak the hall was packed, and hundreds turned away disappointed from the door.

I can well imagine the surprise of the many to whom the personnel of this brilliant writer was unknown, when she walked upon the platform. There is nothing answering to the popular idea—now fast disappearing, it is true—of a reformer; nothing to suggest the daring utterances upon subjects many touched so gingerly, or not at all, but which, Heaven knows, needs the scalpel applied remorselessly; nothing, in fact, that the imagination would be likely to conceive of as belonging to the author of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" A little, slender woman, still young in years, with a face which large brilliant brown eyes make one forget to analyze or criticise; a pretty, smiling mouth, parting over white teeth, and an engaging manner—such is Helen Gardener as she appears upon the platform before she begins speaking. Afterwards the sense of her pleasant personality is lost in the interest of what she is saying.

Hearing her once, the desire was intense to hear her again, and thus it came that she spoke nine times during the week of the Congress, each time to enthusiastic audiences. It is these speeches which, in answer to the urgent requests of physicians, ministers and teachers, with many thoughtful women, are now to appear in book form, under the title of "Fact and Fictions of Life." In the volume will also be included "Sex in Brain," and other of her essays, making a whole of great value and interest.

One charm of her writing and speaking is their absolute freedom from all personal prejudice, or sex bias. She looks upon both sides of every question, takes her position out of sincere conviction, and then supports it with all the earnestness and enthusiasm of a warm and loyal nature.

I think perhaps that I cannot do better than to close this advance notice of her forthcoming book, with the following from her publisher:

"Persons who do not think very seriously, or who, as Helen Gardener says, only 'think they are thinking,' at odd and fugitive times, wonder how a woman, and a young woman at that, can write as Helen Gardener does unless she has had a personal experience of the things of which she writes. As if the preacher who depicts the torments of the damned must have had these torments, or that a Shakespeare must have seen some thing of all of which he wrote, or that a Thackery must have either been a Becky Sharp or had one in his family, or Dickens a Uriah Heep or a Pecksniff, or a Dorrit in his course all this is absurd—when we come to think of it. Helen Gardener's home life with her parents was markedly simple and happy and pure and as free as possible from the troubles and ills of the world. Her married or domestic life is simply ideal. Her husband, who is a college-bred professional man, is in entire harmony with all her work and all she desires to do, as she is with all he thinks and does. She has no more earnest admirer and at the same time no more careful critic. He frequently tells her she needs only to be entirely natural to be entirely irresistible. From a home where unbroken harmony and perfect good fellowship uninterruptedly reigns Helen Gardener looks out upon the world, and sees the strifes and struggles and ills of life, and from her own life knows how much better all this can be—should be, and she seeks to make it so."

Another book which is just from the press of Tait Sons & Co., New York city, and so not yet a visitor to many homes, is one by Mrs. Haryot Holt Cahoon, the brilliant editor of the Woman's Page of that enterprising sheet, the New York Recorder. It is made up of essays that have appeared from time to time in those columns under the title "What One Woman Thinks." Those who have followed them know that this "one woman" has thought to a purpose, and that she has put into these pages much wisdom, couched sometimes in grave language and sometimes in gay, but always with exquisite touches that speak of the kindly, generous nature which has supplemented the quick brain. The smiles that some of the quaint conceits bring fade away into tears at the tender pathos of the next page, in which old memories are brought back again by some trifling happening. The volume will be sure to find its way into many homes and be cherished as a welcome visitor there.

Mrs. Cahoon has a brilliant future before her, if the demands of a busy newspaper life do not hold her powers in check, as is so often the case. There is small chance for the greater accomplishment when every day and hour is full to the brim of what may be called routine work, using up the forces to their limit, but perhaps she will be fortunate in being given an opportunity for a growth commensurate with her ability.

I cannot close this chat about some women's literary work without referring to the new volume to be published I believe, in the early fall by the Funk & Wagnalls company, of New York city. It is written by the irrepressible Josiah Allen's Wife, who has been to Chicago visiting the Fair, and has something to say about it all. Of course she went everywhere and saw everything worth seeing. One laughs now in anticipation of her comments upon the strange people of the Midway Plaisance, and upon the great personages whom she encountered during her visit. Samantha never fails to have an opinion about things, and she is not afraid to express it in spite of Josiah's remonstrances, and she will do it in full in this volume. "Samantha at the World's Fair," will be well worth reading and possessing, for besides the entertainment which it is sure to afford, it will really be of value as a souvenir of the greatest Exposition the sun has ever, to our knowledge, shone upon.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:—We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

Johnstown, Neb.—Lula L. Allen, Elva L. Allen, Attie L. Allen, Arthur J. Allen, Etta L. Allen.

Fountain, Fillmore county, Minn.—Archie V. Ashton.

Elk River, Minn.—George Stiles.

Namestalswere, S. Total, 32,8.5.

The above embraces all names received up to July 10.

LOST.

Lost! I have lost him.
When did he go?
Lightly I clasp him.
How could I know
Out of my dwelling
He would depart.
Even as I held him
Close to my heart?

Lost! I have lost him,
Somewhere between
Schoolhouse and college

Last he was seen:
Lips full of whistling,
Curl-tangled hair;
Lost! I have lost him,
Would I know where.

Lost! I have lost him,
Chester, my boy!
Picture book, story book
Marble and toy.
Stored in the attic
Useless they lie.
Why should I care so much?
Mothers, tell why.

Yes, he has gone from me,
Leaving no sign,
But there's another
Calls himself mine;
Handsome and strong of limb,
Brilliant is he.
Knows things that I know not,
Who can it be?

Face like the father's face,
Eyes black as mine,
Step full of manly grace,
Voice masculine.

Yes, but the gold of life
Has one alloy:
Why does the mother-heart
Long for her boy?

Long for the mischievous,
Queer little chap,
Ignorant, questioning,
Held in my lap,
Freshman, so tall and wise,
Where is the little boy
I used to kiss?
—Good Housekeeping.

RALPH'S REVENGE.

"Shut the door!" said Rupert, angrily, speaking with a thick voice, from the fact that he had a quill pen in his mouth, and turning to scowl upon Ralph, who held the door ajar and looked at him. "Shut the door and go away. What business have you to come here pecking into my room? Cannot I have one spot where I will not be meddled with? I say, shut the door!"

His voice had grown louder with each repetition, and Ralph finally shut it, a trifle frightened and a good deal angry.

"I believe Rupert has been drinking," he said to Fred Street, who stalked along beside him. "I never heard him speak in just that way before, and I shall not stand it; he needn't think I will. What harm does it do to open his door, I wonder, just to see if he is in? To be yelled at as if I were a beggar boy or some kind of a tramp! I shall speak to papa about it this very day, and tell him I think Rupert has been drinking."

"Why, I didn't know he drank a drop," said Fred with wide open eyes.

"No, more he doesn't pretend to. Papa thinks he doesn't. Papa wouldn't have a coachman that drank for anything in the world, and I heard him say only a few days ago that Rupert was the steadiest, most faithful driver he ever had; but I guess he won't think so after what I have to tell him. What should make a man yell like that at me if he hadn't been drinking? I wasn't doing any harm."

"Maybe he feels bad," said Fred.

"Feels bad? What has he got to feel bad about, I should like to know? Papa pays him good wages, a great deal better than most folks pay their coachman, and he hasn't got any folks to take care of, and has a room all his own over the carriage-house, and I am sure he dresses nicely and has plenty to eat. What more does a man want?"

"Lots of things, I suppose," said Fred sturdily. "If you had plenty to eat and drink, and clothes and a room, and nothing else, you wouldn't be satisfied; it's folks you want—friends. What would you care how many clothes you had, if you were alone in the world as Rupert is? I guess he feels bad; I guess that is what is the matter with him. Don't you know his brother is dead?"

"I didn't know he had a brother," said Ralph crossly. He was not accustomed to being shouted at in the Rupert had just done, and he could not help feeling angry. "I didn't know he had a brother or anybody in this country. He came from Germany a good many years ago, and left all his folks there."

"I know that, but one brother came over here last winter, and lived way down on the west side with some folks that my uncle knows, and he has been sick for five or six weeks. Rupert has been with him all the time your father didn't need him; he sat up nights with him, and all. And just last night he died. My uncle heard about it this morning, and said he wondered if your father wouldn't do something for him."

"He doesn't know it," said Ralph, "not a thing about it. He doesn't think that Rupert has any folks in this country; but I don't know what there is he could do if he did know. Maybe he might have helped him if he had known he had a sick brother—got him things, you know, or something like that—but if he's dead what's the use?"

"Folks like to have things sometimes for their friends after they are dead," said Fred firmly. "I can tell you some things that Rupert wants badly enough. He wants a lot up in the cemetery to bury his brother in. My uncle says he can't bear to have him buried in that part of the ground where they bury folks who haven't any money—paupers. He says that his brother wasn't a pauper, that he worked hard and earned his living as long as he could, and he cannot like to have him buried there. And he wants to have a nice coffin, and the hearse and things like other folks; but he cannot do it, of course; it takes a great deal of money to bury people. I guess that is what ails Rupert this morning; he feels so bad and hurt to think that he cannot have everything nice for his brother, the only brother he had. Now the family are all gone. I'm sorry for him."

"So am I," said Ralph; "but he need not have yelled at me as he did, when I wasn't doing any harm, only just looking for him to ask him a question. I am going to be even with him, too."

"If you go to getting even with him just for speaking up sharp like that, when his brother is dead, and he hasn't got any folks, you aren't the boy I take you for," said Fred, his face flushing all over with indignation.

Ralph laughed.

"I cannot help it," he said. "I am; you watch and see if I don't. I am going into papa now, and I am going him about it. Good-by to you, and be sure you keep watch."

As he spoke he turned the corner which led to the bank where he hoped to find his father, while Fred stalked on alone, his face burning, and his eyes flashing. He was bitterly disappointed in this friend of his, whom he thought he liked better than any boy in school. "I like him first-rate, if his father is rich," he had said emphatically only the day before, to a group of boys who had called his new friend "stuck-up." "He isn't stuck up a bit, and there isn't a mean hair in his head!" Fred had declared.

Now he felt ashamed and mortified. How many "mean hairs" there must be on the head of a boy who could take revenge on his father's coachman for speaking sharply to him when he was in great trouble.

Ralph found his father in the director's room at the bank.

"I'm very busy, my boy," said the banker, looking up from his account books, "but if your business is urgent I will give you 10 minutes to transact it; that is more time than I generally spare for one man."

"I can do it in 10 minutes," said Ralph briskly. And in point of fact, in less time than that he had left the office with a satisfied look upon his face. As for the bank director, within an hour from the time his son left him he had sent a telephone message for his coachman.

"Rupert," he said, holding out his hand when that faithful fellow appeared, "I am sorry to hear that you are in trouble. I did not know about your brother, my friend. I wish you had let me help you bear your burden." Then after a few more kindly words some questions into the condition of things, he added: "Rupert, my son Ralph would like to show his sympathy for you. He wants to buy a lot in our cemetery—some pleasant shaded spot that you would like—and have it deeded to you. Then he wants you to have all the appointments for the funeral such as you would like them to be if you had the money to spare, and the bills are to be sent to me for him. I am glad to have my boy do this, Rupert, and I hope you will indulge him. You can have the carriage, of course, with Dan to drive, and Ralph and I would like to go with you to the grave. This is Ralph's own plan, the only way he can think of, he says, to show his sympathy for you, and he is very anxious to do it."

Then Rupert broke down utterly, dropped into a chair, laid his head on the bank director's table, unmindful of the great solemn books piled there which represented millions of money, and cried like a child.

"It was a great, splendid, beautiful revenge," said Fred, pouring out the words from a full heart. "I didn't understand you a bit; but I do now. There isn't a mean hair in your head, and I said there wasn't."—The Pansy.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was a Virginian by birth, and was educated at William and Mary College. During the Revolution he fought as a subordinate officer, and after the war was closed, took a prominent part in politics. He was minister to France in 1794, but his policy was in opposition to the administration, and he was recalled. He was twice governor of Virginia, and negotiated for the purchase of Louisiana. He held the offices of secretary of State and secretary of War at the same time, and finding the Treasury empty, pledged his own means in order to secure the defense of New Orleans. He was afterward made President, and his administration was known as "the era of good feeling." He died on the Fourth of July 1831, at New York city.

2.—FOURTH OF JULY TRIANGLE.

1—o
2—• •
3—• • •
4—• o • •
5—• o • • o
6—• o • o • o
7—• • • • • • •
8—o • o • o • o • o
9—o • o • o • o • • •

1. A vowel.
2. Attend.
3. A kind of vase.
4. A nautical term.
5. A shivering.
6. To insinuate.
7. A consonant, abroad, and a vowel.
8. An English coin.
9. A well-known liquid.

Asterisks form a sentence oft repeated by "Young America."

3.—CRYPTOGRAM.

(Key—Substitute the letters of the prelude to the Declaration of Independence for the letters of the alphabet, rejecting the letter "z.")

"T ltoos re lrrel eg t lenutke luoceu.
T llte eg ule rrrgueklu, t htub eg ule nteb.
Tgm begetul, corrule eehhuel, eg etllegk, t letsb
Luoteb rtu hs t luoem cusegk cetouell tgm cueeu;
Ultu otl tuu! tgm seu, ulortbl ule kurrr tgm ule neklu,
Ule ctue re t gtuerg otl oemegk ultu geklu;
Tgm ule letob luoteb rtu hs ulru luoem, eg eul cueklu.
Begmuem, ule utgm egur cutre oeul eul letu."

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A greenish mineral.
2. Belonging to the air.
3. Members of an ancient European race.
4. The scene of a contest.
5. To free from an obstruction.
6. Certain pieces of furniture.
7. A scripture proper name.
8. A tailless animal.
9. A hoofed animal.
10. A mass of unwrought metal.
11. A kind of mammal.
12. Pushed.
13. A country of Africa.
14. A shell used as coin in Asia.

Primals and finals tell why we celebrate the Fourth of July.

5.—ANAGRAMS.

1. It is little trouble (or risk. Few) would refuse.
2. (So pet rode) on, never stopping to rest.
3. He made two (pens will) some.
4. He heard them (cry "S. K. Stoke) is the man."
5. Go get (Para A taller) man is better.
6. Be (joyful Burtle, for the fan cools) the air.

The answers placed in their order form a complete sentence.

6.—COMBINATION PUZZLE.

Primals form the name of one of the committee who prepared the formal Declaration of Independence. Take one letter from each word, add them together, and you will find the date.

A sweet sauce; death; part of the head; a measure; a county in England; top of the back; to spill; formerly; nearest in rank.

7.—QUERY.

What do the stars, stripes and colors of the American flag signify?

Prize

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SESSION.

The Annual Meeting at Montreal—Mobbed by Catholics.

Montreal, July 7.—The Endeavor convention opened by the singing of "God Save the Queen," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Both of these songs were rendered after Mayor Jardins, a Catholic, had delivered a splendid address of welcome.

Quite a number of addresses were made by other prominent men. Dr. Henson, of Chicago, made a characteristic speech.

The following committee on Resolutions was appointed: Rev. H. B.

DR. DAVID BURRELL.

Grose, Chicago; C. L. Stevens, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Rev. M. Rhodes, St. Louis; Rev. D. J. Burrett, New York; R. J. Colville, Toronto; Rev. P. S. Henson, Chicago; Rev. F. M. Gardner, East Boston, Mass.

First Junior Society.

In the evening drill hall was filled with a large audience. Rev. J. W. Cowan talked of the "First Junior Society." The speaker detailed the organization of the first society in a little Iowa town and concluded as follows:

"I think it may be fairly claimed for the Junior work that it has done this for the children—it has made them genuine Endeavorers, through and through. We Juniors think that we have all the ear-marks and all the heart-marks of the true Endeavor stock. And we are something more than mere polliwogs, of which it may be hoped that they will sometime develop into the true Endeavor frog. We are developed already, having to the full the loyalty to principle and the earnestness of life which

DRILL HALL.

characterizes the species everywhere. And we ask of your courtesy, but we also claim as our own inheritance, a place in this magnificent family circle, a seat at this great feast of fat things, admission to full communion in this goodly fellowship of Christian Endeavor. Senior Endeavor, and Young People's Endeavor, little Junior Endeavor expects of you a sister's greeting to-day."

Address of Dr. Hoyt.

Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of Minnesota, followed with an address on the "Possibilities of the Junior Society." The speech was full of good things, and after going over the ground in a most complete manner, the speaker said:

"What seems lowliest is often loftiest. He that is greatest among you, let him be your minister, said the Master. Looking, a little even, at its possibilities, there is no taller or larger service than to win and train and hold for Jesus Christ the boys and girls by the controlling and beneficently shaping hand of Junior Christian Endeavor."

A Business Session.

While the meetings were being held in the tent and drill hall, the meeting of the board of trustees of the united society sat in session behind closed doors.

At 7 o'clock Secretary Baer announced to an Associated Press reporter that the membership of the board of trustees had been increased by three. They were: Rev. Canon Richardson, London, Ont., representing the Church of England in Canada; Rev. J. M. Lowden, Boston, representing the Free Baptists of New England; Mr. George Lewis Howe, of Louisville, Ky., representing the Southern Presbyterians.

The trustees also decided upon the meeting place for 1893, and the announcement that San Francisco was

REV. WAYLAND HOYT.

the city was made in the drill hall immediately after the convention had assembled at 7:30 p. m. The announcement was greeted with deafening applause. The Californians say they feel good. Over across the street the crowd in the tent heard the news about the same time, and the combined roar awoke the echoes.

The Denver delegates, it is understood, voluntarily gave up the struggle, and there was practically no opposition to the awarding of the convention to the city with the Golden Gate.

After the delivery, the convention sang an appropriate hymn. When they next settled down Secretary Baer read the annual report to the delegates. Mr. Baer said that twelve years ago the first Endeavor society was organized in the Williston church, Portland, Me. To-day there are thousands of societies. The official enrollment is partially as follows: New York state still leads, with 2,985 societies; Pennsylvania is a good second, with 2,628; Illinois third, with 1,822; Ohio fourth, with 1,766, and Iowa fifth, with 1,186. Massachusetts and Indiana are not far behind.

The badge banner for the greatest proportionate increase during the year goes to New Mexico. The greatest absolute increase was in Pennsylvania, being a gain of 709 societies.

Attacking Rome.

Montreal, July 8.—Rev. Sumanbrae Vishnu Kamarthe, of Bombay, created a sensation yesterday in Endeavor and Montreal Catholic circles.

He made the first anti-Rome utterance yet heard at the meetings. Said he:

"There is a remarkable correspondence between Roman worship and Hindoo worship. Romanism is but a new label on the old bottles of Paganism containing the deadly poison of Idolatry. Often the Hindo asks when seeing the Romish worship: 'What is the difference between Christianity and Hindooism?' In India we have not only to contend with the hydra-headed monster of Idolatry but also the octopus of Romanism." There was some applause at this juncture.

La Presse, a French newspaper, came out with an article which declares that Kamarthe's speech was a deliberate insult to the French people, and that they regard it as such.

Address by Bishop Arndt.

Despite the great heat which usually prevails in the tent, there were 700 delegates under the canvas last night to listen to addresses by Rev. Bishop Arndt (colored) and Rev. D. J. Burrell, of New York city. The former spoke on "Christian Stewardship," and the latter on "Christian Citizenship."

An address was given by Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, of San Francisco, on "The Bible in Our Work." The book, he said, was one that contained the winnowed wisdom of all ages.

Mr. Henry was followed by Rev. N. Boynton, of Boston, who filled in the void caused by the absence of Congressman Breckenridge, with an address on "Our Relationship to the Sunday School," brought the proceedings of the third day of the great convention to a close.

MEETINGS INTERRUPTED BY A GANG OF YELLING HOODLUMS.

The Mob Composed of the Lower Class—Closing Scenes.

Montreal, July 10.—Montreal came very near seeing a riot last night. Thousands of people were congregated on the Champ De Mars and on Craig street, in front of the Drill hall, and for blocks to the east and west. The elements for a riot were there in full force. The talk about Karmarthar's ill-timed remarks had spread all over the French part of Montreal, and in the crowd were many who burned to avenge the insult which they considered as a more than personal one, for to a French Canadian Roman Catholic his religion comes in before everything. Then there were thousands assembled who had resolved to protect the Christian Endeavorers when they left the hall, if necessary. The antagonistic elements in the crowd kept a respectable distance from each other awaiting the opening of the doors at the close.

Among the Protestant crowd were nearly a thousand militia men in plain clothes, and the opposing crowd consisted of the lower classes of French Canadians, principally quarrymen from Corte St. Luc, and others of a like stamp. Occasionally the volunteers and their adherents fell into line and marched around the block enclosing the Champ De Mars, and the opposing crowd did likewise, marching around the block to the west of the Champ De Mars. They eyed each other jealously, and each moment the bitter feeling increased, in evidence of which partisan tunes were shouted by thousands of lusty voices, and pandemonium reigned.

A Riot Was Expected.

There was the situation when the doors of the hall were thrown open. Everybody expected a riot. The delegates emerged from the hall and turned to the westward. Instantly the volunteers formed a cordon at the edge of the sidewalk, while handkerchiefs were produced and these they held around their necks. This was the distinguished badge; no one without it could approach the Endeavorers from the opposite side of the street, and slowly and without any manifestation of alarm the delegates made their way along.

Then came a burst of song: "At the cross, at the cross," floated out upon the air, and the result was something wonderful. Almost perfect silence fell upon the crowd. The Frenchmen on the champ De Mars stood silently gazing at the procession of Endeavorers keeping pace to the music.

The Endeavorers finally passed out of the dangerous locality in safety. The militiamen, who had slowly moved west with the crowd, turned right about face and marched down east to a short distance below the Drill hall, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War." They were greeted with some jeers and taunts from the crowd that angrily watched them, but no blows were exchanged as they again turned and marched west. The multitude melted away, the blockade of cabs and street cars passed on and the closing scene of the Christian Endeavor convention was at a peaceful end.

THE LAW IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Now South Carolina People May Take a Drink.

Columbia, S. C., July 8.—Circuit Judge Hudson has decided the liquor law in operation in South Carolina to be unconstitutional. He heard arguments on a motion to issue an injunction against the opening of a dispensary in Darlington. The application was made on the ground that the petition did not have signatures of a majority of the freeholders attached, and that the county board of control could not, in consequence, establish the proposed dispensary.

The decision is sure to have a far-reaching effect and to result in a good deal of confusion. The case can hardly be heard by the state Supreme court before fall, and in the meantime the Circuit court decision holds. There may be a variety of Circuit court decisions—indeed, one from each of the eight circuits. The saloon men are happy. It is not yet known whether they can reopen their places, and everything is very liable to get into a muddled condition from this peculiar law. It is probable that similar injunctions will be applied for in most of the counties. Whether an injunction can be issued against the sale of liquor in towns where dispensaries are open is not known. The opinion of the Supreme court on the constitutionality of the law has never been expressed.

RATE TO G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

Indianapolis Will See a Big Crowd in September.

Indianapolis, July 11.—John S. Lazarus, chairman of the committee on transportation of the twenty-seventh national encampment, G. A. R. reported to Executive Director Fortune that he had been authorized by the general passenger agents of all lines entering Indianapolis, to announce that they will make for the G. A. R. national encampment to be held in this city September 4 to 9, a rate of one cent per mile each way for the round trip.

This ensures for the encampment as low a rate as has ever been granted and will, it is believed, bring to Indianapolis, according to present indications ,a very much larger attendance than at any previous reunion of the Grand Army.

CAUGHT SCUP, TAUTOG AND BASS.

No Office Seekers Found Attached to Grover's Hook.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., July 11.—The President made his first fishing trip Monday since he arrived at Gray Gables. He was accompanied by Col. Lamont and Dr. Bryant. The party only went down the bay five miles and cast anchor off Wings Neck. The members fished several hours, their catch being scup, tautog and bass. As they were returning under full sail, with a strong southwesterly breeze, they were hailed by some newspaper men in another boat.

"What luck to-day?" was asked.

"Fairly good," came the reply. The President was gone as long as usual and arrived at the wharf soon after 4 o'clock. When it was time to land the President came out of the cabin in his shirt sleeves and putting on his coat was all ready to step ashore. Col. Lamont was the first to land, followed by the President and Dr. Bryant. Mr. Cleveland jumped onto the floating wharf with considerable agility and walked up the pathway to Gray Gables without any assistance. His step was more steady than when he started this morning and he walked faster.

Pensioners Will Test the Matter.

Pittsburg, July 10.—Four G. A. R. Posts in this city met and decided to take up the cases of the dropped pensioners in this district. At the quarterly payment of pensions here last week, 125 pensioners were dropped from the rolls, in accordance with orders from Washington. It is the intention of the G. A. R. Posts to test the matter in the courts, and Congressman William A. Stone has been selected as counsel.

JUSTICE BLATCHFORD IS DEAD.

The Expected Finally Occurs at Newport, R. I.

Newport, R. I., July 8.—Associate Justice Samuel Blatchford passed quietly and peacefully from earth at 7:20 last evening. He retained consciousness until one hour or two before his death. There was no sudden change in his condition, simply the gradual slipping away which has been taking place the last week.

The arrangements for the funeral are not yet completed, but the body will probably be taken to Washington

JUSTICE BLATCHFORD.

for interment. For many seasons he has been a quiet visitor in the city during the summer season, residing in his own cottage on Greenough Place, and while not greatly given to society followings, he was frequently entertained in the first families.

The following was received by Mrs. Blatchford:

"To Mrs. S. M. Blatchford, Newport, R. I.:

"Please accept my sympathy and condolence on the death of your distinguished husband, whose long and honorable public service cause a nation to mourn his loss.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Associate Justice Samuel Blatchford had been a member of the United States Supreme court but eleven years, having been appointed by President Arthur in 1882. He was born in the city of New York March 9, 1820, and was 73 years of age. His early education was secured at an academy in Pittsfield, Mass., and he graduated from Columbia College in 1837. He entered public life at an early age, having served as private secretary to Governor William H. Seward, of New York, from 1839 to 1841, and afterward as military secretary on the governor's staff until 1843. In 1842 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1845 was made a counselor of the Supreme court of the state. He then removed to Auburn, where he became the law partner of Mr. Seward and Christopher Morgan. In 1851 he made an unsuccessful canvass for a position on the state Supreme court bench. Three years later he returned to New York city, and in 1855 he declined an appointment as judge of the Supreme court. In 1867 he was appointed district judge of the United States court for the Southern district of New York, which position he held until 1882, when he was called to the Supreme court bench. The death of Justice Blatchford reduces the number of Republicans in the Supreme court to five, and the appointment of his successor by President Cleveland will give the Democrats four of the nine judges.

LIBERTY DAY WAS VERY GENERALLY CELEBRATED.

Most Stupendous Affair at Chicago —Tammany's Fourth—How the Day Went in Other Places.

Chicago, July 5.—Yesterday was a grand gala day at the World's Fair. More than 250,000 visitors passed the gates and in addition to the sights of the Fair, witnessed the grandest Fourth of July celebration in this country for years.

Exercises Opened.

The exercises opened at 11 o'clock with music from the immense chorus assembled by Director Pratt. Nearly 2,000 singers were marshaled around the stand. Then Director General George R. Davis, who presided over the exercises, arose and called the assemblage to order. As he did so, Col. H. C. Clark, of Milwaukee, stepped forward and presented him with a gavel made from a piece of the famous Washington elm at Cambridge, Mass.

In receiving the gavel Director-General Davis thanked Col. Clark for it, and said it was eminently fitting that a part of such an historic tree should be used in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of American liberty. He then turned to the audience and announced that the Rev. Dr. John H. Burrows would invoke the blessing of God upon the celebration.

At the conclusion of the prayer, Director-General Davis introduced Gen. Adlai E. Stevenson, Vice President of the United States, as the orator of the day.

A chorus of 2,000 voices then sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

The Hon. Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, was the next speaker. He was given a greeting by the multitude that was quite as hearty and enthusiastic as that accorded Vice President Stevenson, and the crowd listened attentively to all that he had to say.

As he ended, the booming of cannon and ringing of bells announced that it was high noon. Mrs. Mary Madge Morris stepped quickly across the platform and touched the telegraph key and the clicking of the instrument announced to the cities and towns all over the country that it was noon in Chicago and that the original "Old Glory" was being hoisted. It carried the news to Troy and the new Liberty bell sounded its first notes.

While the instrument was yet clicking Mrs. H. R. B. Stafford, bowed down with the weight of three score years and ten, with trembling hands seized the halyards and pulled aloft the historical Paul Jones flag. The vast throng stood silent with uncovered heads for a moment and then there came a mighty shout that drowned the noise of the booming cannon and clanging bells.

Hon. Hampton L. Carson, of Philadelphia, then delivered an interesting address on the old liberty bell.

As he concluded there was a salute of the flags, and "Old Glory" was given one of the grandest greetings it has ever received. The great chorus struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and the enthusiastic throng quickly caught up the tune and swelled the grandeur of the soul-stirring song. The effect was sublime indeed.

The "Declaration of Independence" was read by J. S. Norton, of Chicago, and during the reading the great audience maintained a respectful and attentive silence.

When he finished there was a pause for a moment, and then tens of thousands of people, who had listened with honoring silence, let loose, with all the power of their being a mighty shout. Then they prolonged it until it swept over the grand plaza like the rumbling of a thunderbolt.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was sung, and again the crowd took up the song and carried it through to the end. The exercises were concluded by the singing of the doxology.

The pyrotechnic display at night was conceded to be the grandest up to date. A salute of fifty fifteen-inch mortars and exploding at an altitude of 1,800 feet was the opening of the programme, and was followed by a magical illumination of the park with 250 prismatic lights, changing color five times, fired by electricity. Among the most unique displays and representations of the evening were the Star Spangled Banner and a fine portrait of George Washington, with the motto, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Rordame's Comet.

Boston, July 11.—Telegrams to Chandler and Ritchie from the European union of astronomers and others announce that Rordame's comet was observed at many places on Sunday night. As observed by Prof. Rees, of Columbia college, the nucleus was of the second magnitude and the tail ten degrees in length.

FINGERS, TOES AND EARS CUT OFF BY THE MOB.

His Body After Being Otherwise Mutilated Was Burned to Ashes—Insisted That He Was Innocent.

Bardwell, Ky., July 8.—Another brutal crime has been avenged. Another murderer has paid the penalty for his fiendishness.

Seay J. Miller, the negro charged with the outrage and murder of Mary and Ruby Ray, was hanged at 3:27 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the body burned after being horribly mutilated. The negro made a speech proclaiming his innocence, but it is said that he afterward made a partial confession.

At least 500 men met the train when it reached here with the ravisher, and the mob on board. Previous to this time an agreement was made by the people to allow the father of the children to prescribe the punishment, but when the train arrived it seemed that the men forgot their promise for the time. They rushed to the train, one over another, and at one time it was thought by a great many that the negro was being torn limb from limb. At last quiet was restored, and all went to a very high scaffold, constructed over the bridge timbers. Sheriff Hudson, the prisoner and a number of the guard mounted the stand. John Ray, the father of the murdered girls, made a talk, in which he said: "This is the man who killed my children, but let us keep quiet, and at the proper time burn him."

Displayed Great Nerve.

The negro was called upon to make a talk, and responded promptly and with wonderful nerve considering the circumstances under which he was placed. His voice was clear and he seemed almost oblivious to the surroundings. His exact words were as follows: "My name is Seay J. Miller, and I am from Springfield, Ill. My wife lives at 716 North Second street. I am here among you as a stranger, and looked on by you as the most brutal man that ever stood on God's green earth. I am standing here an innocent man among excited men, who do not propose to let the law take its course. I have committed no crime to be deprived of my liberty or life. I am not guilty."

At this time he was disturbed by several questions, and many called on him to go on, but Sheriff Hudson begged to be permitted to put him in jail and get some rest for himself, which he needed so badly. At this time Mr. Ray, father of the children, appeared on the stand, and talked only a few moments, carrying on a conversation with several persons on the ground. Mr. Ray repeated the charge against the negro, and said he was willing to set a time and place for the execution, which was agreed between himself and several bystanders should be 3 o'clock. It was then a few minutes past 12, and the negro was placed in jail to await the time when he would be called forth.

Chain About His Neck.

At 3:20 o'clock the negro was brought from the jail to the principal street. A chain was around his neck and many men were pulling at it. The crowd was wild and no one could guess at the fate of the negro. He was almost suffocated when the north end of the depot was reached, and here the father of the girls relented to some extent and suggested that he be hanged rather than burned.

At 3:27 the body was swung to a telegraph pole directly at the north end of the depot and he was drawn up; his clothes were torn from his body by the maddened mob. He was heard to say as they drew him up, "I am an innocent man," but there is a fully authentic report that he made at least a partial confession as the mob took him from the jail; but the confession implicates a partner in some way, but nothing positive can be learned.

The negro was drawn up with his face to the pole, and when his feet were two or three feet from the ground some one shot him from the front, the ball passing entirely through his body. In a few minutes life was extinct, it being ascertained that he was dead at 3:45 o'clock.

The body was left hanging until 4:25, during which time some of the toes and fingers were cut off. The body was finally taken down and carried about 300 yards to the rear of the Downs & Harlan mill. At that place the ears were cut off, nearly all the remaining toes and fingers were severed and the body otherwise mutilated.

The body was then placed between two kegs and kindling piled upon it and then enough wood to complete the job of burning. The crowd remained orderly to the last, but very determined. The men who did the hanging are from Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois and Missouri, but the work was done in such a manner and the throng was so great that no man can name an individual who participated.

The Crime.

Wednesday morning, about 9 o'clock, Mary and Ruby Ray, aged 16 and 12 years, respectively, left their home, three miles north of Bardwell, and started to pick berries in a neighboring thicket. The first intimation that anything was wrong was received by the mother of the girls, who became alarmed by the actions of a dog that had accompanied them. Mrs. Ray followed the dog to the thicket. There a horrible sight met her gaze. Her daughter Mary was lying in a pool of blood with her throat cut from ear to ear, and her clothing torn into threads; the body was yet warm. Though frantic with grief, Mrs. Ray summoned help and her son joined her in the search for Ruby.

After a short while the body of the little girl was found in a similarly mutilated condition, and an examination of the bodies showed that both girls had been outraged before being murdered.

COLUMBIAN BELL WAS TESTED.

A Great Crowd Heard Its First Tones on the Fourth.

Albany July 5.—Hundreds of people gathered at the Clinton H. Meneeley bell foundry, Troy, to view the Columbian Liberty bell and hear its first tones. Word was received from Chicago, with which place direct communication with the foundry yard was had, that all was ready for the ringing of the bell. Two workmen held a sixty pound bell clapper which Mr. Chester Meneeley guided while six blows were struck on the bell which was in the foundry yard mouth upward. The notes sounded were deep and melodious, and when they rang out the assembled gathering cheered and cheered again.

Mr. Meneeley says that the bell's tone will be extremely melodious and powerful. The clapper used to ring the bell was only sixty pounds, while the clapper will weigh 230.

POPE AFTER THE GREEK CHURCH

Satolli Says It Will be Absorbed by the Vatican.

Tacoma, Wash., July 5.—Ablegate Satolli states through Dr. O'Gorman, his interpreter, that there are pending diplomatic negotiations to bring the Greek church of all Russia now under the personal control of the Czar into the keeping of the Vatican.

Churchmen take it for granted that if the Czar is to place his state church under the control of Rome it is in the interest of Leo's hope to effect the disarmament of the great nations of the world and secure ultimate universal peace and the arbitration of international quarrels.

Viking Ship at Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 10.—The scenes incident to the reception of the Spanish caravels last week were repeated to-day when the Viking ship entered the harbor and moved up the river to the same dock at which the caravels were moored. The docks and bridges were crowded with people as the odd looking craft came up, but their cheers were deadened by the discordant notes of hundreds of steam whistles which seemed to split the very air.

THE ROYAL BRIDE AND GROOM.

THE DUKE OF YORK, PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES,

AND PRINCESS VICTORIA, MARY OF TECK,

UNITED IN MARRIAGE AT THE ROYAL CHAPEL,

Prince George May Sometime be King of Great Britain—Ceremony Gorgeous With the Pomp and Splendor of Royalty.

London, Eng., July 6.—(By Cable.)—The marriage of the Duke of York (Prince George of Wales) and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, an event to which all England had been looking forward with deep interest, took place at 12:30 o'clock to-day in the chapel royal, St. James Palace.

The wedding was a brilliant function, and was attended by a large gathering of the members of the British royal family, continental sovereigns, or their representatives, and many members of the highest nobility.

The weather was beautiful, and if there is any truth in the old proverb, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on," the new Duchess of York will be exceedingly happy, for a more splendid day has seldom been seen in London. The occasion was made one of national rejoicing and a partial British holiday. Great crowds of people gathered many deep along the line of the route from Buckingham Palace up Constitution hill, through Picadilly street, James street and Marlborough gate to the garden entrance to St. James Palace, which is situated on the north side of the Mall. The decorations along the line of the royal procession were profuse and beautiful.

Scene Full of Life.

The scene was full of life and movement, and the ceremony eclipsed in pomp and splendor any recent state ceremonial in connection with the British court. The royal party left Buckingham Palace in four processions, the first conveying the members of the household and the distinguished guests. The next procession included the Duke of York and his supporters, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh.

The bride came in the third procession, accompanied by her father, the Duke of Teck, and her brother, Prince Adolphus of Teck. The last procession was that of the Queen, who, accompanied by the Duchess of Teck, her younger sons, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, drove in state to the ceremonial. Each procession was accompanied by a life guards' escort, and in addition to this the Queen had an escort of Indian native and Australasian horse.

Her majesty rode in the handsome glass coach used at the opening of parliament and on other special occasions. The body of the carriage, which is of Irish manufacture having been built in Dublin, is painted a dark red color and its richly gilt panels are adorned with the royal arms. The roof is surmounted by a crown and bordered with a wreath of gilt roses, thistles and shamrocks. The cheering as the royal carriage drove was immense. The members of the royal family and guests on alighting at St. James Palace walked to the state apartments and subsequently down the grand staircases under the colonnade to the seats reserved for them in the chapel.

The members of the diplomatic body, including the members of the United States embassy and the other invited guests occupied especial seats in the body of the chapel and in the royal and east galleries. Drawing room dresses were worn by the ladies, the gentlemen appearing in full levee dress.

The marriage ceremony opened with the procession of the clergy into the chapel. This consisted of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the dean of Chapel Royal, the sub-dean, the Bishop of Rochester, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn, vicar of Kensington, Canon Harvey, domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and Canon Dalton, honorable chaplain to the Duke of York.

Handel's March Played.

Handel's march from the "Occasional Overture," was played by the organist as the procession came forward. While the bishop and clergy were taking their places, the music of the march in "Scipio" came from the organ, and immediately the front of the second procession, including the royal family and royal guests came in sight, and the members of it were conducted to their seats as they entered. As the queen's procession, which included the Duchess of Teck and the Grand Duke of Hesse, walked up the aisle, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Imperial March" was played. A march composed in "G" composed by Smart, was played during the the progress of the bridegroom's procession to the communion, and as the bride and her supporters passed up the aisle to the altar, the organist played Wagner's march from "Lohengrin."

The bride wore the veil which was worn by her mother on the occasion of her own marriage. Her wedding gown was of silver brocade, in perfect harmony with the bridesmaids toilets of white satin and silver lace. The bridesmaids'gowns were madewith low bodices and neither hats, wreaths nor veils were worn, only a simple rose in the hair. The bridesmaids were the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Princesses Victoria Alexandera and Beatrice, of Edinburgh, Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia, of Connaught, Princess Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Eugenie.

The archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the other clergy performed the ceremony, the bride being given away by her father. The magnificent gilt sacrimental plate, the central alms dish of which is said to have been manufactured in the reign of Charles I, and is valued at $50,000, was displayed upon the altar, which was decked with the choicest flowers.

The Marriage Choral.

The service began with the marriage choral, "Father of Life," specially composed by Dr. Creeser for the occasion, and sung by "the gentlemen and children of the chapel royal." as the members of the choir are styled. In the middle of the service Sir Joseph Barnaby's "O, Perfect Love," a choral sung at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Fife in Buckingham Palace chapel, was given. The service concluded with the hymn, "Now Thank We All Our God."

Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played as the royal party left the chapel, the united processions of the bride and bridegroom leading to the throne room, where the registry of the marriage was attested by her majesty and the other members of the royal family and royal guests.

The dejeuner was served at Buckingham Palace, the Queen proposing the toast of the "Bride and Bridegroom" and the lord steward the toast of "The Queen."

After receiving congratulations, the Duke and Duchess of York left Buckingham Palace, driving through the Mall to the city, and thence proceeded by the Great Eastern railway from Liverpool street to Sandringham. The lord mayor and sheriffs met the newly wedded pair at St. Paul's cathedral, and their progress through the lavishly decorated and crowded street was a triumphal one.

Bridal Gifts.

To enumerate the bridal gifts and the names of their donors would require several columns of newspaper space. Presents were received from all parts of the British dominions. The Duke of York's present to the bride consisted of an open petalled rose in pearls and diamonds, and a five row pearl necklace. The pearls are not exceptionally large, but they are perfectly pure in color and splendidly matched. The Duke and Duchess of Teck gave to their daughter jewels comprising tiara, necklet and brooch of turquoises and diamonds.

Much has been said regarding the opposition of the Princess of Wales to the marriage, it being stated that she did not approve of her son marrying the girl who had been engaged to his brother, even though that brother was dead. The present given by the Princess of Wales should put to rest these rumors, for it is doubtful if a more valuable gift was ever given by any one on a similar occasion. The Princess's gift consisted mostly of jewelry and precious stones, the whole being valued at £250,000—$1,250,000.

The Official Announcement.

The following is the official announcement of the engagement of the royal couple, as promulgated by the Queen:

"Her Majesty in Council was this day pleased to declare her consent to a contract of matrimony between His Royal Highness Prince George Frederick Ernst Albert, Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, son of His Royal Highness the Prince and his consort Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and Her Serene Highness the Princess Victoria May Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, daughter of Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth and His Highness Francis Paul Charles Louis Alexander, Duke of Teck, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of Bath; which consent Her Majesty has also caused to be signified under the Great Seal and to be entered in the books of the Privy Council."

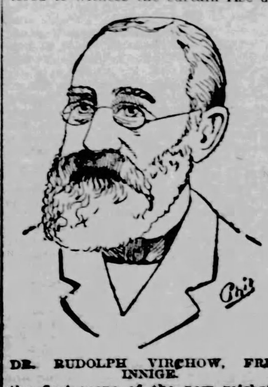
THE NEW REICHSTAG MET.

An Earnest Plea for the Passage of the Army Bill.

New York, July 5.—The Herald's Berlin correspondent, describing the coming together of the reichstag yesterday, says: At 11 o'clock, an hour ahead of the appointed time, Herr Ahlwardt, quite transformed, having just paid an evident visit to a barber, and wearing a capacious evening

PASTOR ADOLF STOECKER, CONSERVATIVE.

dress coat, magnificent white waistcoat and silk hat, paused a while outside the palace to allow an admiring crowd to gaze on him. He then entered to witness the curtain rise upon



DR. RUDOLPH VIRCHOW, FREISINNIGE.

the first scene of the new reichstag.

By 12 o'clock the rest of the members arrived at the famous white hall. Soon after Ahlwardt had secured his place he saw the kaiser, who cordially hates him, and who was in full uniform and surrounded by the most gorgeous retinue known to any court since the time of Frederick the Great, ascend to the throne to make his long expected speech—a speech which lasted ten minutes in all.

Speech of the Kaiser.

"With great sacrifices Germany has been united in one empire, the nation honors most those who staked their blood and property on this work, which led the fatherland to prosperity. To safeguard the glorious achievements with which God has blessed us in our battle for independence is our most sacred duty. This duty we can only fulfill if we make ourselves strong enough to remain surety for Europe's peace.

"I trust you will not fail to give me and my confederates your patriotic sacrifices and willing support in striving for these aims."

The emperor's reference to the duty of the members of the members of the reichstag to preserve and guard that which the nation has won was greeted with hearty cheers. When the emperor had concluded his written speech, loud and prolonged applause greeted him. His majesty stood waiting for quiet to be restored, and when he could be heard he added a few improvised remarks, saying:

"Now then, go. The good God looks upon you, and will lend you His blessing to complete this honest work for the benefit of the fatherland. Amen."

BISMARCK'S SUNDAY SPEECH.

Dwells on the Significance of the Small German States.

Berlin, July10.—About 400 excursionists from the principality of Lippe-Detmold visited Prince Bismarck in Friedrichsruhe on Sunday. Both the Prince and the Princess responded to the cheers of the excursionists by appearing on the balcony of the castle. Despite the recent reports of the Princess's bad health, she looked strong and cheerful. Prince Bismarck as usual wore a black coat, white necktie, and a slouch hat. He made a notable speech concerning the relation of the smaller states to the empire. After referring briefly to the most remarkable features of early German life, he described Lippe-Detmold as the scene of the first German revolt against the foreign yoke in the days when the German hero Arminius swept the Romans from the country. He then discussed diffusely and entertainingly the significance of the small German states. He expressed the opinion that their parliaments fight to influence the policy of the empire more powerfully by criticising the action of their representatives in the federal council of the empire. The number of votes held in the federal council should not be diminished, lest the national German empire be supplanted by a great all-controlling Prussia.

The Prince concluded his speech with these remarkable words: "There are seventeen federal states having only a single vote each in the federal council. If I deduct the Hanseatic cities which differ so radically from all the others, there are fourteen such states, and fourteen votes in the federal council are a weighty matter if they keep together. If added to the Prussian votes they always give Prussia a majority of the federal council. The council may be divided, as it were, in three categories—the small states with one vote each, Prussia with eighteen votes, and the middle states with 24 votes. From you see what weight the small states have. I wonder that no politician has arisen in one or the other of them to turn this state of affairs to account. All that I am saying to you is a foremiade, if you wish to call it such, over the fact that the national idea has not caught fire in the parliaments and governments of the federal states, as twenty or twenty-five years ago I hoped it would."

THE LATEST FROM HONOLULU.

Martial Law Proclaimed in Districts Where the Lepers Are.

Honolulu, July 1, via Victoria, B.C., July 10.—Notwithstanding the talk of treason and assassination and the trial of political conspirators, peace and quiet reign in Honolulu. The preliminary examination of the alleged conspirators, Walker, Crick and Sinclair, has been finished, and Judge Carter has reserved his decision until July 3, when he will hold the men for trial before a higher court. In conversation with President Dole, and later with Attorney General Smith, it was learned that the provisional government intends to follow a waiting policy, in imitation of President Cleveland.

"We are fully determined upon carrying out the plan for annexation," said Attorney General Smith, "and until we know that it is a failure, we shall not materially change the present policy of the government. The occasion imperatively demands that the present oligarchy shall be continued until annexation is secured or arrangements with some other foreign government are made to insure the stability of Hawaiian institutions."

Martial Law Proclaimed.

Sheriff Stoltz, who was shot by the lepers of Kalalau, was buried here June 29. The government dispatched a company of regular troops and police, amounting to about 80 men, with one Krupp field piece, by steamer on June 30. Martial law has been proclaimed in the districts where the lepers are. Instructions have been issued to the commander of the expedition to remove the 28 lepers terrorizing the Kalalau leper settlement at Molalki, at all hazards. They are to be taken dead or alive. The lepers have secured arms, and a battle between them and the troops is not unlikely.

THE AMENDED ARMY BILL.

Chancellor Von Caprivi Introduced It Friday.

Berlin, July 7.—When the new reichstag met to-day for the first time for the consideration of regular parliamentary business nearly all the 397 members were in their places, for it was known that the government would at once introduce the amended army bill and general interest was felt, as the concessions, if any, that the government had made on the original bill.

Immediately the formal opening of the house was concluded. Chancellor von Caprivi ascended the tribune and in a long speech introduced the amended measure. He stated that the present form of the bill represented the minimum that the government would accept in men or money. The government's demands were the lowest possible consistent with the safety of the empire. The previous bill had been before parliament and the country for nine months and everybody understood it.

EFFECT OF PELAGIC SEALING

Reduces the Herds Two Per Cent Each Year.

Paris, July 7.—The Hon. E. J. Phelps before the Bering sea tribunal of arbitration, reviewed the evidence that had been submitted to the tribunal to show the effects of pelagic sealing upon the herds. Mr. Phelps claimed that the evidence showed that the catch of the pelagic hunters consisted entirely of female seals.

Ten years of Canadian sealing means 24 per cent reduction in the breeding, implying the extermination of the species. The killing of male seals on the Pribyloof islands had no such destructive tendency.

Prohibiting Sealing.

London, July 8.—The Official Gazette has published an order in council, dated July 4, prohibiting British ships from sealing within ten marine miles of the Russian coasts in Bering sea or the North Pacific ocean, and within thirty miles in any direction from the Komandorsky or Robben Islands.

To Protect the Latin Union.

Rome, July 6.—Negotiations are proceeding between the governments of Italy, France, Belgium and Switzerland looking to the protection of the interests of the nations composing the Latin Union. In consequence of the action of the government of India in regard to the silver currency in India, it is believed that some of the members of the union will withdraw from it. The minting of one-half, one and two franc pieces has been almost suspended. A few five franc pieces are still being coined.

Victories Over Slave Traders.

Brussels, July 7.—Advices received from the Congo Free State report two victories over the Arab slave traders. The Arabs recently attacked a force of the state stationed at Stanley Falls, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The troops pursued the Arabs for some distance. The latter fled in such disorder that they carried little with them but their guns. One hundred and twenty barrels of gunpowder and a quantity of other munitions of war fell into the hands of the soldiers.

Deaths From Cholera.

London, July 6.—The Lancet says that there have been 704 deaths from cholera in southern part of France since May, and during the last four weeks 128 deaths from the same disease in Marseilles, 53 in Cette and 51 in Toulon.

To Intercept Pilgrims.

Cairo, July 6.—Troops are leaving here to form a cordon on the banks of the Suez canal for the purpose of intercepting pilgrims who may try to evade the quarantine.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and

WASHINGTON.

PENSIONERS NOTIFIED THAT THEY MUST SHOW CAUSE

Why They Should Not be Dropped From the Rolls—Recent Ruling by Secretary Smith.

Washington, July 11.—The pension bureau has notified a great many pensioners throughout the entire country who are drawing pensions under the act of June 27, 1890, known as the department pension act, that payment of their pensions will be suspended for 60 days, during which time they are required to show cause why they should continue to draw pensions.

The testimony necessary to prevent their being dropped from the rolls a certificate of a reputable physician, attested by two witnesses, to the effect that the pensioner is precluded from active labor owing to injuries or disability not the result of his own vicious habits.

In case no attention is paid to the department notification within 60 days the pensioner will be dropped from the rolls. On the other hand, should the necessary certificate, properly drawn up and signed, be forwarded to the pension bureau the pensioner will be requested to appear before the local board of medical examiners for examination as to his condition.

Pursuant to Smith's Ruling.

This action is pursuant to the recent ruling of Secretary Smith, to the effect that a pensioner under the act of June 27, 1890, drawing a pension for total disability must be shown to be physically incapable of manual labor. The board of review appointed to carry into effect that decision is now going over all of the cases of June 27, 1890, probably 100,000 in number, and selecting those cases which show in the record that the pensioner may not be incapacitated for manual labor. In the cases thus selected the pensioners are notified, as before stated, to prove their total disability to the department or cease to draw pensions.

Under Secretary Smith's ruling the department holds that a man who can work should not draw a pension for total disability. It is estimated at the pension office, although the work has but recently been begun, that something over 1,000 suspensions have already been made.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

Classified Statement From the United States Treasurer.

Washington, July 10.—The statement of the United States treasurer, showing the classified assets of the treasury and demand liabilities, is as follows:

ASSETS.

Gold coin and bullion	$188,826,502
Silver dollars and bullion	333,438,411
Silver dollars and bullion, act July 14, 1890	147,358,426
Fractional silver and minor coin	12,519,630
United States notes	25,574,463
United States treasury notes	6,007,842
Gold certificates	108,800
Silver certificates	4,697,610
National bank notes	4,079,411
Deposits with national bank depositories:	
General account	12,249,761
Disbursing officers' balances	4,010,647
Total	$738,871,683

LIABILITIES.

Gold certificates	$ 92,156,529
Silver certificates	332,019,504
United States treasury notes	147,357,280
Currency certificates	11,055,000
Disbursing officers' balances, agency accounts, etc	39,246,906
The receipts from internal revenue today	523,639
From customs	648,263
Miscellaneous	415,715
National bank notes received to-day for redemption amount to	115,834

INTER-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

Survey Announced to be Practically Completed.

Washington, July 8.—Considerable secrecy has apparently been thrown around the operations of the Inter-Continental railway survey, authorized by Congress in accordance with the plan adopted by the Pan-American conference of 1890. Though reports of a more or less detailed character have been incorporated in the estimates laid before Congress, there has been a hot fight over the appropriation for continuing the work, which has only slipped through in conference between the two houses.

It is now stated, however, in an unofficial way, that the survey has been practically completed. All the surveying parties have returned to Washington, having finished their field work completely. They are now engaged at the headquarters of the commission in this city, working up the data they have secured for the publication of their final reports and the maps of the line. This work will occupy several months. The line surveyed runs to the southern boundary of Mexico to the northern boundary of Bolivia, and is 4,000 miles in length.

It connects the railway system of North America with that of South America. It is said that a feasible route has been found for the entire distance with no grade greater than four per cent, but no particulars are given. It is further said that the engineer who was in charge of the survey through Colombia reports that for many miles the line runs through a mining region so rich that the material dug out for cuts of the road will contain enough gold and silver to pay for the construction of the road over that section. This possibly accounts for the reticence maintained as to the progress of the work.

STORY DENIED BY SIMPSON.

He Will Not be a Candidate for Governor.

Washington, July 10.—Representative Simpson was shown a dispatch from Topeka stating that a deal had been made by the Populists of that state whereby he would be a candidate for governor next year, and that Governor Lewelling would run for the Senatorship to succeed Senator Martin. He said there was not a scintilla of truth in the story so far as he was concerned, and he doubted the statement regarding Governor Lewelling's candidacy.

"For the past three years," said Mr. Simpson, "a set of men at Topeka have made a business of sending out stories relating to the Populists. That," he added, "was one style of the Kansas newspaper worker. Who they were was a mystery, and we have been unable to find them out. They had a clear field for such work, as the Populists had no daily organ in the state to correct their errors, and they were telegraphed throughout the country and taken for granted by the average reader."

Regarding the illness of Senator Martin, of Kansas, the nature of which it was reported the physicians refused to make public it was attributable, Mr. Simpson said, to over exertion by Senator Martin in endeavoring to look after the great army of Kansas office-seekers who overwhelmed him. It was constant strain in Washington, and there had been no abatement when the Senator returned to Kansas.

THE RECORD ON POSTMASTERS.

A Number of Presidential and Fourth Class Appointed.

Washington, July 10.—The records of the Postoffice department show that during the first four months of the present administration, ended July 4, 1893, the total number of Presidential postmasters appointed was 434, as against 578 appointed during the first four months of Mr. Harrison's administration, and 323 during the first four months of Mr. Cleveland's former administration.

As to the appointment of fourth-class postmasters, the records show that during the first four months of the present administration there were 5,730 made on resignations and deaths, and 3,226 on removals, making a total of 8,955.

The number appointed on resignations and deaths during the corresponding period of Mr. Harrison's administration was 3,649, and on removals, 7,460, making a total of 11,109. There were, therefore, 4,281 more fourth-class postmasters appointed on removals during the first four months of the last administration than during the corresponding period in this.

QUAINT VESSELS FROM SPAIN REACH THEIR DESTINATION.

Great Reception Accorded Capt. Concas and His Crew—Senator Sherman's Speech.

World's Fair Ground, Chicago, July 7.—The arrival of the Spanish caravels at Jackson park to-day was a source of great interest to the visitors, and was the cause of attracting an unusually large attendance at the fair to-day. The weather was perfect, and hours before the most sanguine could reasonably have expected the caravels to arrive, the vantage points on the beach and piers were crowded with spectators awaiting to welcome the strange messengers from over the sea. At the park elaborate arrangements had been made to receive the caravels, and every person of importance or interest, from the highest official to the wildest denizen of Midway Plaisance seemed anxious to participate in the ceremonies.

The reports of the arrival of the vessels at Evanston, and their progress toward the park were given out from time to time and allayed for the moment the impatience of the spectators. When the vessels finally did appear in sight the news flashed along the beach instantly, and following the exultant cheering came the din of a multitude of steam whistles that told everybody in the park that the quaint vessels which sailed all the way from Spain were nearing the palaces erected in honor of the man who dared to sail the unknown Atlantic four centuries ago.

The Procession.

Drawn up in a line on the terrace back of the boat landing, was the escort accompanying the Spaniards to the plaza between the Administration building and the terminal station. The Midway Plaisance had sent its strangest people to march in the carnival procession. Buffalo Bill Indians and Cossacks, Bedouins and other rough riders were there, and the English soldiers of the military tournament added their scarlet coats to the picturesque assemblage.

The line of march was eastward from the Agricultural building, across the peristyle, west along the south front of the Manufactures, Electricity and Mines buildings, to the grand stand east of the terminal station. Director General Davis received Capt. Concas and his men and presented them to the public amid wild cheering. Senator John Sherman then delivered an address of welcome.

Capt. Concas responded briefly, and Secretary of the Navy Herbert and others also made brief addresses.

COL. FRED GRANT AT HOME.

Says Austrian Finances Are in a Sound Condition.

New York, July 10.—The ex-minister to Austria, Col. Fred. D. Grant, who arrived here on the American line steamer New York, has joined his brother, Mr. U. S. Grant, at West Point. His family accompanied him. In speaking of Austria, Col. Grant says that the country is in good condition, and that the Austrian finances were sound.

He said: "Austria has plenty of silver, and would be glad to favor anything that would bring about a more general use of silver. She is not in favor, however, of the dual standard. As few American securities are held in Austria, it would make little difference to that country what silver legislation might be enacted in the United States. In other European countries, however, where many American securities are held, the financial condition of this country is closely watched. Many foreign financiers are doubtful of our ability to maintain the dual standard. This accounts for the fact that so many American securities have been sold back, and an immense deportation of gold from this country has been the result."

Speaking of European politics in general, Col. Grant said that many erroneous reports had been spread about the peace of Europe. "The nations of Europe," he continued, "were never more in favor of peace than they are to-day. The German emperor is anxious to preserve peace, and the army bill was framed as a peace measure. By increasing the army the emperor wishes to prevent war, and not to provoke it."

BI-METALLIC LEAGUE TO MEET.

Convention to Begin at Chicago August 1.

Chicago, July 5.—A call for a convention of the Bi-metallic league was issued yesterday. The meeting will begin in this city August 1.

The idea of the silver people is to meet at Chicago and adjourn to Washton. Here the convention will reassemble at about the time when Congress convenes, and will probably continue in session until after the organization of that body.

Gen. Warner made the following statement last evening: "A thorough poll of the silver forces establishes the fact that the Sherman law cannot be repealed without a substitute which will be satisfactory to the silverites."

ATTENDANCE AT THE FAIR.

Nearly Five Million Passed the Gates to Date.

Chicago, July 11.—The following is the attendance at the World's Fair up to date:

Total for May	1,050,037
Total for June	2,675,113
July 1	106,032
July 2	48,756
July 3	106,977
July 4	283,273
July 5	79,034
July 6	97,183
July 7	80,365
July 8	93,320
July 9	43,525
July 10	87,264
Total to date	4,801,186

SCARING GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Anonymous Letters Sent to Him at New York.

New York, July 6.—Soon after the arrival, last Sunday, of Gen. S. M. Donkhovski, the recently appointed governor of Siberia, with a large party, bound for the World's Fair, the clerk at the Clarendon hotel, where the party is staying in this city, received a letter signed "A Victim of Siberia."

The writer says that a certain organization in New York is plotting to kill Donkhovski. He also says that but for his interference the organization would have made an attempt to destroy the Russian men-of-war that were in the harbor. The letter was sent to Superintendent Byrnes, and it is said he made preparations to prevent any attempt at assassination.

HEAVY RAINS.

High Wind and Hail Did Great Damage in the Northwest.

Minneapolis, July 6.—Reports received here show heavy rains through portions of Minnesota and South Dakota. At Lake Benton, Minn., a high wind and hail did considerable damage to growing crops. At Highmore, S. D., several houses were unroofed, and a number of stock barns demolished. Mrs. Whipple was probably fatally injured.

At Blunt a two-story storage building was blown down, and much minor damage caused.

At Aberdeen, S. D., an inch of rain fell in an hour, for which the rainmakers are receiving the credit.

A SORT OF A SIDE SHOW.

People's Party Convention Held at Columbus.

Columbus, O., July 5.—The People's party met here in state convention Wednesday with over 200 delegates in attendance. H. E. Taubeneck, of Illinois, chairman of the National committe, was present.

The following ticket was named: For governor, E. J. Bracken, of Columbus; lieutenant governor, M. Blooley, of Vinton county; treasurer, Wm. F. Taylor, of Champaign county; attorney general, J. H. Rhodes, of Sandusky; judge supreme court, C. T. Clark, of Columbus; dairy and food commissioner, Thomas N. Hickman, Morrow county; member board public works, Matthew Baben, of Cuyahoga county. The platform adopted reaffirms the principles of the Omaha convention.

FIRE AT THE GREAT FAIR.

THE WAREHOUSE WAS A VERITABLE FIRE TRAP,

BUT THE WORLD'S FAIR COMPANY DENIES RESPONSIBILITY.

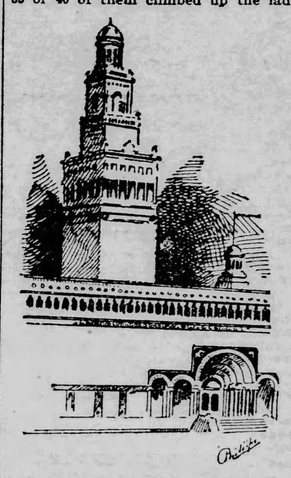
Morbid Crowd Surrounding the Scene—Inquiries for Missing Men—Four Columbian Guards Among the Lost—Aftermath of the Horror.

World's Fair Grounds, July 10.—No less than 30 firemen lost their lives at the World's Fair this afternoon just before 2 o'clock.

At that time the cold storage warehouse, just south of the Sixty-fourth street gate, caught fire in the top of the cupola, which rises fully 200 feet from the ground.

Through this cupola the chimney passes. The cupola is built of wood, overlaid with staff, and is highly ornamented with columns and pillars. Near the top is a landing. The fire broke out about 30 feet above this.

As soon as the firemen arrived about 35 or 40 of them climbed up the ladders to this landing and were preparing to throw streams of water to the burning portion when the fire, which had eaten its way inside the staff to a point below, where the firemen stood, broke out with volcanic ferocity on all sides.



HOW THE TOWER LOOKED.

An exclamation of horror went up from the lips of 20,000 people who had assembled about the building to see the fire. Five of the men saved themselves by sliding down the ropes.

Beyond the Reach of Ladders.

Before others could follow, the flames had burned away the ropes. The unfortunate fellows who remained huddled together on the north side of the cupola were doomed. It was beyond the reach of any of the ladders and the crowd stood horror stricken and helpless to rescue the crew. The flames ran higher and higher, until the men were almost concealed from view.

At this moment one of the firemen sprang far out into the air, and was dashed to pieces on the roof fully 80 feet below. Another and another followed his example, crazed by the awful heat, and doubtless preferring to be killed by a fall than burned to death.

When five had jumped the upper partion of the cupola gave way and the remaining firemen were swallowed up in the seething mass of burning timbers.

Meantime all the fire engines on the grounds had been called and aid summoned from Hyde Park but the main portion of the fire was far above the reach of the streams of water. It is probable that the entire building will be totally destroyed. It cost $250,000 and is stored with meats, fruits and wines.

World's Fair Grounds, Chicago, July 11.—The most interesting exhibit at the World's Fair grounds to-day is one not scheduled in the official guide book. It is the ruins of the cold storage structure yesterday destroyed by fire, and 10,000 people this morning crowded around the debris, eagerly watching the search for dead bodies.

All the firemen who lost their lives were huddled up in one place—in the dreadful fire-trap at the top of the shaft, and as they fell victims one by one to the flames, their bodies naturally fell somewhere within the small circle surrounding the smokestack.

The bodies to-day recovered were evidently not the remains of any who jumped or fell from the shaft, because they were found at a somewhat remote distance from this point, and under a mass of steam pipe and machinery that must have fallen from above.

On one of the bodies was a leather belt, to which was attached a pair of steel pincers, thus practically proving the remains to be those of a lineman.

Firemen Not the Only Victims.

The discovery gave fresh color to the fearful apprehension that the firemen were by no means the only ones who fell victims to the flames, and the public at once became disposed to doubt the declarations yesterday made by the supervising firemen that all the employes and visitors were out of the building before the conflagration had reached a dangerous stage. The total of dead bodies recovered at this time reached fifteen, though the search in the ruins was thus far very slight, owing to the heat and confusion. There seemed to be no doubt the death list was still decidedly incomplete.

The Columbian guards who were yesterday on duty at the scene of the disaster have constantly maintained that several World's Fair visitors and electricity men and other workmen were caught in the flames, and the unexpected discovery of the bodies under the ruins this morning, and the fact that one is undoubtedly that of a lineman, gives credence to their declarations.

Certain it is that there were numerous visitors and workmen in the building at the time the fire broke out, and the statements of the Columbian guards that many of these were caught in the flames was received so seriously this morning that it was decided that a minute examination foot by foot of the pyramid of ruins and debris would be made before the day is out. The electric light company had a number of men in the lower part of the building stringing wires at the time the fire broke out, and several of these are still missing. Four Columbian guards were unaccounted for this morning and their companions are naturally very solicitous as to their fate and whereabouts.

Council in Session.

World's Fair Grounds, Chicago July 11.—The council of administration of the World's Fair met this morning and went into session at once behind closed doors. It was conjectured that they were getting ready to make a thorough investigation of the fire yesterday. From the vehement language of the members of the council as it could be heard through the doors, it was evident the session was a stormy one. Shortly after the meeting was convened Director of Works Burnham was sent for and remained in the room for over an hour. When he came out he refused positively to give any intimation as to what took place while he was present.

A Fool at Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 5.—Fully 10,000 people saw Clifford Calverty perform some wonderful feats on his wire stretched across the Niagara gorge Wednesday. He beat all time records by running across the wire at full speed in 2 minutes and 33 2-5 seconds, which is one minute faster than the record established last summer by Dickson.

Peary Has Sailed.

Portland, Me., July 10.—The steamer Falcon with Lieutenant Peary and party on board sailed for Greenland, on their Artic expedition.

FEARFUL TORNADO IN IOWA.

The Town of Pomeroy Wiped Out—Many Killed or Injured.

Fort Dodge, Ia., July 7.—Pomeroy, a town of 900 inhabitants in Calhoun county, was practically wiped out last evening by a cyclone. Between 50 and 100 were killed and nearly 200 were injured, many of whom will die. The utmost confusion followed the advent of the storm, and it was several hours before the condition of affairs there was known.

As soon as the true state of affairs was learned relief trains over the Illinois Central with a corps of physicians, tents and provisions was sent. The town was in total darkness and the streets were filled with wreckage of homes and business houses; the scenes were appalling, as men with lanterns went about in the debris. In some instances entire families were wiped out, the mangled remains being found in the ruins of their homes.

The cries of the injured were heartrending, and the general confusion was increased by the wailing of the survivors who were separated from friends, or who had relatives in the wrecks. The work of rescue was slow and the trainload of helpers made little headway.

Half of the Town Razed.

The south half of the town was razed. There was no place to care for the injured and a church, which was just outside the track of the storm, was turned into a hospital. In here the surgeons worked by the aid of lanterns and lamps. Those with broken bones were stretched upon the pews, while others who needed surgical attention on less severe injuries were compelled to stand or lie upon the floor and await their turn.

The dead were laid out on the ground in a vacant lot at the edge of the devastated district. Through the narrow aisles left between the dead bodies the survivors passed, looking for lost ones. In the confusion it was impossible to secure a list of the fatalities. All telegraphic communication was cut off and trains could only be run to the edge of the town.

The storm broke about 7 o'clock. All day the clouds were scurrying across the sky. An occasional shower would be followed by a hot burst of sunshine. Just before dark great banks of black clouds massed in the southwest and another in the west. Just before 7 o'clock the two threatening piles moved toward each other, and soon joined. The clouds took on a green tint, which was pierced with the sun's rays for a moment. Then darkness set in rapidly. The elements seemed to form about the combined clouds, though scarcely a breeze stirred the treetops in the streets of Pomeroy.

Looked Like a Cloud.

Those who were watching the phenomena say that a column of smoke like a cloud dropped to the ground and gathered in strength as it advanced toward the town. They recognized it as a cyclone and gave the alarm. Many sought shelter in cellars, and others mounted horses to flee from the path of the coming destruction. There was a dash of hail, a blinding flash of lightning and deafening peal of thunder.

Men and women ran wildly about the streets, shouting and gesticulating. The cyclone struck the town at the southwest, among the scattering houses in the outskirts. Roofs and shingles and sides of buildings were wrenched loose and were thrown to one side. On to the more densely populated district the monster of destruction swept, leveling all before it, and leaving in its wake a cloud of splinters and wrecked homes, death and demoralization.

Pomeroy, Iowa, July 8.—Forty-four now numbers the dead at Pomeroy. It is one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed, and even the strongest are compelled to turn away from some of the sights at the city hall hospital, where the worst of the one hundred and eight injured now are.

Governor Boies is on the ground, and is doing all in his power for the comfort of the wounded. Physicians and nurses are needed badly.

MISS KENEALY'S WARNING.

The United States May Have Cholera This Year.

New York, July 10.—Miss Annesley Kenealy, appointed judge of the hygienic section of the World's Fair by the Ladies' committee of the Royal Commissioners, arrived here yesterday on the steamship New York from Southampton. Miss Kenealy is widely known in medical circles. She is lecturer of the technical education to the British county councils and has contributed many important medical papers to the different journals. Miss Kenealy was surprised at the stringent quarantine regulations here.

"Quarantine is, of course, necessary," she said yesterday, "but it seems to me that it was overdone here. I do not think that cholera could make deep inroads into this country, and if it does appear here it would take only a short time to stamp it out. The prevailing, and I think the best treatment for cholera, is the saline injection. In Hamburg it was used extensively, saving 60 per cent. of adult cases and 50 per cent. of children. As much as two quarts were injected at one time. The fluid is of the same specific gravity as the blood and is injected warm. Hot baths and warm, stimulating drinks are administered at the same time. It is a simple and efficient remedy.

"You need not be a bit surprised if you have cholera right at your doors in the fall or before," said Miss Kenealy. "You were very fortunate last year in escaping it, but I fear you cannot this year. What I say to you may be unpleasant, but it is best to be warned in time. There are already 2,000 cases of the disease at Mecca and it is getting a big foothold in France."

ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

Meeting of the Association Directors on the 4th.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 5.—The regular yearly meeting of the directors of the Gettysburg Battlefield association was held here yesterday. The two important questions before the directors were the turning over of the association's property to the United States government, and the consideration of its duty toward the trolley electric railroad. On the latter point the association was a unit, and determined to use every power it possesses to save the field from the injury threatened. Various plans are now under consideration by the executive committee to accomplish this end. Three additional avenues were ordered to be laid out south of the Emmettsburg road, with a view of developing the battlefield and facilitating the work of the United States commissioners now here. Gen. Sickles being a member of Congress resigned as chairman of the committee to devise measures for the transfer of the field to United States, and Edward McPherson was made his successor.

On the committee Gen. Slocum succeeds Gen. Henry A. Barnum, now dead, and the other members are Gen. Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia; Interstate Commerce Commissioner W. G. Veazey, of Vermont; Col. Chas. G. Briggs, of Michigan; Col. J. B. Bachelder, of Massachusetts, and Gen. J. B. Carr, of New York. Active measures will be immediately taken to introduce a bill at the approaching session of Congress for the transfer of the field, and all the Grand Army posts are urged to request their representatives to support the measure when introduced.

GOOD REPORT FROM THE SOUTH.

Twenty-five Million Dollars Disbursed This Month.

Baltimore, Md., July 7.—From figures compiled by the Manufacturers Record it is estimated that not less than $25,000,000 will be disbursed in interest and dividends by Southern railways, banks and other corporations during this month. Nearly all of this money will go into circulation in the South, and its effect will be very beneficial to the general business and financial situation.

The Southern banks make a particularly good showing. Out of 117 banks declaring dividends only eight are paying less than 6 per cent per annum, while one declares 40 per cent annual interest.

FRENCH AFFAIRS IN A CHAOTIC CONDITION.

General Strike Expected to be Ordered by the National Socialistic Congress Next Week.

New York, July 11.—There is printed here this morning a dispatch from a Paris correspondent as follows:

The political situation in France can only be described as chaotic. It is idle to prophesy what the physical outcome will be. The angry uproar to-day was confined to words. Nothing in the anxious days of last winter compares with the violent passion and incendiary talk in which all parties and factions are now indulging. Men who kept cool through the Panama scandal are saying strange things to-day. One who more often than any other since the present republic was created, has been recognized as the greatest political power in France, said to-day:

"Carnot will be compelled to resign before next month's election. Everybody can see that he, and not Dupuy and his ministers, is responsible for the vacillating policy of the last few days."

"What will happen then?" was asked.

A sang froid shrug of the shoulders and a nonchalant, "I don't know," were the only answer.

The correspondent talked with three leaders who are at the head of the labor and socialist movement in France, and one said boldly:

A General Strike.

"We have 450,000 men ready to join in a general strike when ordered by the National Socialist Congress this week. More than that they are willing and prepared to take up arms to defend the liberties which the present government has attacked. We have no confidence in the about-face policy which the ministry was compelled to adopt."

The evidence is conclusive that Carnot himself directed the government's two days campaign against the Radicals and Socialists. It was also by Carnot's direction that the military surrendered to the same interests in order to avert the fall of the Cabinet, which would have been fatal to his plans.

THE NINTH CLAUSE PASSED.

Irish Members Not to be Excluded From the House of Commons.

London, July 11.—The discussion of the ninth clause of the Irish government act, which relates to the representation in the Irish Parliament of Irish counties and boroughs, began in committee of the whole in the House of Commons. The bill provides for the retention of 80 Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, a reduction of 23 in the present representation of Ireland.

John Redmond (Parnellite) member for Waterford city, moved the adoption of an amendment to retain the Irish representation at its full present number—103 members.

Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion. The government, he said, could not go beyond giving Ireland representation in accordance with the proportion of her people as compared with that of Great Britain. A division taken on the amendment resulted in its defeat by a vote of 280 to 266. The announcement of the result was greeted with cheers by the Liberals.

Edward Henege, Unionist for Great Grinsby, moved an amendment to the effect that the Irish be excluded entirely from the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone replied that the retention of Irish members would prove the means of reassuring doubters as to the experiment of home rule. Mr. Gladstone, amid derisive opposition cheers, moved the closure. It was carried by a vote of 241 to 211.

The division on the amendment caused considerable excitement, as it was reported that the Radicals, as well as the Parnellites, were likely to go with the opposition. The only Radical who voted against the government, however, was Henry Labouchere. Sir Charles Dilke abstained from voting. The Parnellites fulfilled expectation by supporting the amendment. The only exception was Timothy Harrington, who was absent. The result was the rejection of the amendment by a vote of 240 to 209. The committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

FORAGE CROP SHORT IN EUROPE.

Hay Selling for Fifty Dollars a Ton Over There.

Washington, July 11.—The secretary of Agriculture has received numerous requests from abroad for information as to the extent and character of this year's forage crops in the United States. All these communications emphasize the shortage in Europe, especially in France, and there is every evidence that a very large foreign demand at remunerative prices will prevail for baled hay.

From other sources it is learned at the department that hay is selling in England at from $45 to $50 per ton. At present prices in this country, there can be little question but that a shipment of baled hay to Great Britain and France would be a profitable venture this season.

SILVER CONGRESS AT ST. LOUIS.

Western Commercial Bodies to Meet July 17.

Denver, Col., July 5.—The chamber of commerce, in communication with other commercial exchanges, has sent an address to every commercial organization in the South and West, setting forth that the unconditional repeal of the present silver law, reducing this country to a gold basis must result in practically closing every silver mine and smelter in this country, crippling every industry and ruining the wheat, cotton and wool industries.

To prevent this making silver a mere commodity, the commercial organizations of this city have resolved to invite the commercial bodies of other cities throughout the silver, wheat, wool and cotton districts of the West and South to appoint each one or more delegates to meet in St. Louis on the 17th day of July, 1893, at the Southern Hotel.

GOV. JONES MEANS BUSINESS.

Bound the Convicted Choctaws Shall be Shot.

Caddo, I. T., July 11.—Governor Jones has returned home after attending the special session of the council, in regard to the shooting of the nine condemned Choctaws, who have been reprieved by the national government.

He says they will be shot, or he will call out every member of his militia to accomplish that end.

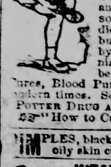
Poncas Did Not Sign.

Guthrie, Okla., July 7.—The Cherokee commission has failed to make a treaty with the Ponca Indians, and that reservation will not be opened at the strip.

Information has been received in United States naval circles within a few days that the French government has just authorized the construction of a new and powerful cruiser which, in general respects, is to be almost a duplicate of the new United States war ship New York.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,



CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

MONUMENT TO P. T. BARNUM.

The Great Showman Done in Bronze at Bridgeport.

Bridgeport, July 5.—The feature of the day in Bridgeport was the unveiling of the bronze statue of P. T. Barnum. The ceremonies attending

THE BARNUM STATUE.

the unveiling took place in the presence of more than twenty thousand persons congregated at Seaside park.

Rev. Robert Collyer delivered the chief address.

PAINTED BARNUM'S STATUE RED.

Work of Vandals at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Bridgeport, Conn., July 10.—An early visitor to Seaside park yesterday discovered that the statue of P. T. Barnum had been disfigured some time in the night by being covered with red paint.

The granite steps were covered with inscriptions derogatory to the character of the deceased showman.

A NEW SCHEDULE OF WAGES.

Federation of Labor Will Interview the President.

New York, July 6.—The meeting of the executive board of the American Federation of Labor began Tuesday at the office of President Samuel Gompers, and is continued. The most important matter considered was the discussion of a new schedule of wages for iron and steel workers. No action was taken, however, as a compromise has been effected for the time being.

Cherokee Bonds Sold.

Gibson, I. T., July 7.—Word has been received from Tahlequah that J. L. Adair, a prominent merchant of that place, is in receipt of a letter from the Cherokee delegation at Washington, stating that the trade for the Strip bonds had been consummated, and that one-quarter of the whole amount with accrued interest had already been paid into the assistant treasurer of the United States at St. Louis, the balance to be paid in thirty, sixty and ninety days' time, dating from July 1. It is not stated who are the purchasers.

Influx of Miners.

Fulford, Col., July 6.—There is a large influx of mining men here at present, attracted by the discovery of a ledge of gold-bearing quartz running from 60 to 150 ounces of gold to the ton, twelve assays averaging $900 to the ton. The mountains in the surrounding country are being overrun by prospectors.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

There has been a distinct improvement in the monetary condition at New York within the past week, and everything points to a steady amelioration of the stress. The payment of July dividends and interest caused a sharp demand for money a week ago, and rates were exceedingly high; but during the week closed Saturday the market quieted down, and rates gradually tended toward the nominal level. Call money closed Saturday at 6 per cent. Time money was scarce, because lenders preferred to use their funds in the call loan market. One of the notable signs of improvement was the fact that there were a number of transactions in commercial paper, as for the past few weeks none could be marketed at all.

Something over a million of dollars in gold was imported from Europe during last week, and none was sent out. The imports were in small sums, and probably each transaction was a case in which the personal bargains of American merchants with their foreign customers enabled them to take advantage of the low price of foreign exchange. There is no doubt there would have been a heavy influx of gold from London had it not been for the exertions of the Bank of England to prevent it. The bank has accumulated in its own vaults practically all the gold in London's market, and pursued precisely the policy adopted one year ago by our own Treasury department—the refusal to deliver in exchange for drafts gold in any form but sovereigns. The necessity of reassaying and remelting gold in this form before its use is possible in a foreign country has virtually made its acquisition on exchange impossible. It will, however, be remembered that the similar policy, when adopted by the Treasury officials, checked only for a few days the export movement. And the case will be the same now. With the balance of trade turning strongly in our favor, the movement of gold this way can not be long delayed.

Naturally, the stock market is inactive, with the high rates of money prevailing; and, while it is plain to all that the crucial point of the stringency has passed, and that the period of recovery has set in, it is to be gradual, and so far it has made no conspicuous impression on the value of securities. In fact, a free market in our stocks and bonds, with the accompanying increase of prices, will only come with a revival of a foreign buying demand, and the free transfer of foreign credits. This is slow to begin again, and the hesitancy is entirely dependent on the outlook for the repeal of the Sherman silver law. It is certain that a foreign buying demand will come with the repeal of that statute; and were it certain that this would be accomplished, and no other silver legislation be passed at the same time, the improvement would set in at once; while a failure to repeal, or an ill-advised silver substitute for it, would turn the tide of foreign capital permanently against us.

There was a reaction in silver, naturally following the extreme low price caused by the stoppage of free coinage in India. The refusal of the Treasury to make the July purchases of bullion at the figures asked, the announcement that large smelters in Colorado have reconsidered their determination to suspend work, and that many mines refuse to shut down, caused a slight decline. On Friday the Treasury bought 100,000 ounces at 72 cents, and the latest quotation Saturday in New York was 72 1-8 cents per fine ounce of 480 grains. This corresponds to 55.78 cents for the value of the pure metal in the United States dollar and to 28 2-3 to 1 for the ratio of values of equal weights of gold and silver.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Tone in Business Circles Perceptibly Improved.

New York, July 8.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade: The tone in business circles has perceptibly improved. On the whole there has been a little better distribution of goods to consumers, and perhaps the countermanding of orders given some months ago is not quite as frequent as it was last week. The more hopeful symptoms are gladly noted; but while the causes of depression remain, it would be rash to calculate that the difficulties will not reappear. Soon large sums of money will be required to move the crops, and in the present state of money markets, some stringency is not improbable.

Money has grown easier, but it is still hard at most points to get accommodations, as banks are preparing for larger demands. Foreign trade shows little change, exports being much below last year's, and imports quite large. Stocks are dull and inactive, with some signs of more foreign disposition to buy, but prices are only a fraction higher.

The mercantile failures during the week number 324 in the United States and 23 in Canada. Last week the failures in the United States numbered 307.

CROP AVERAGES IN THE STATES.

Condition of Corn Better Than This Time Last Year.

Washington, July 11.—The monthly crop report of the principal states are: Ohio, 99; Indiana, 103; Illinois, 105; Iowa, 105; Missouri, 103; Kansas, 110; Nebraska, 112; Texas, 101; Kentucky, 93. The average condition of corn is 93.2, against 81.1 last July. The averages in the principal states are: Ohio, 93; Indiana, 96; Illinois, 92; Iowa, 98; Missouri, 92; Kansas, 93; Nebraska, 94; Texas, 89; Kentucky, 90. The condition of winter wheat is 77, against 75.5 last month and 89.6 in July, 1892. The principal state averages are: New York, 86; Pennsylvania, 94; Kentucky, 92; Ohio, 93; Michigan, 79; Indiana, 83; Illinois, 66; Missouri, 77; Kansas, 46; California, 88; Oregon, 96.

The condition of spring wheat is 74.1 against 90.9 in July, 1892. Last month it was 86.4. State averages are: Minnesota, 77; Iowa, 95; Nebraska, 68; South Dakota, 69; North Dakota, 73, and Washington, 91.

Condition of all wheat July 1, 1893, was 76.6; on June 1 it was 78.8. The condition of oats remains about the same as it stood last month, being 88.8, as against 88.9 June 1. This is the highest condition since 1889, when it stood at 94.1, declining to 81.8 in 1890, advancing to 87.6 in 1891, and dropping to 72 in 1892. In July, 1886, the condition was 88.8, the same as the present month. The July returns show slight advance in the condition of rye from 84.6 on July 1 to 85.3 this month. Winter rye stands at 83.8 and spring rye at 89.0.

The combined average, as stated above, being 85.3. Condition of barley, like that of oats and rye, has changed but little during the month. The average is 88.8, against 88.3 on June 1. The condition is the result of a cold, backward spring, with drouth in some sections and too much moisture in others. The acreage devoted to potatoes this year is 101.1 per cent of that of last year. The condition is a little higher than last year. There are reports of injury from Colorado beetles, especially in the Central West. The tobacco acreage is returned at 98.6 per cent of the area devoted to that crop last year. Condition stands at 93.0. The condition of clover is 92.6; of timothy, 89.8, and of pasture, 94.0.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., July 11, 1893.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 11.	July 4.
U. S. 4's coupons	111	109
U. S. 4's registered	111	109
U. S. 2's registered	97	95
Pacific 6's '95	103½	103

U. S. m.—Money has been active this afternoon, ranging from 6@12 per cent. Bar silver, 70½. Mexican dollars, 57.

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close This Afternoon.

The closing sessions were characterized by activity in August and September wheat. The general situation was that of weakness. The September future was off 1 to 1¼c. The English crop report makes the outcome of the British harvest 15 per cent less than last year, and from the bullish European reports there was but very little to brace up the market. The failure of the Kansas City Safe Deposit company for a million dollars, and the French commission company as well as a bank in Denver, had a depressing effect. The estimate based on the United States government report as for 127,000,000 bushels of winter and 276,000,000 bushels spring wheat, or 383,000,000 bushels. This has a bullish look, but with new wheat soon to be thrown on the market, and well on to 62,000,000 bushels in sight, it will be a difficult thing to put prices upon a much higher basis than those now ruling. With less financial disturbance, wheat would soon improve. At prices now holding wheat would seem to be good property to hold. The reports of wheat and flour today were well up to